

The Northwest

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JUN 22 1898



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In this issue:

In the Black Hills of South Dakota.
A Heathen Chinese.
Progressive Milwaukee, the Metropolis of Wisconsin.
Recollections of the Northwest.

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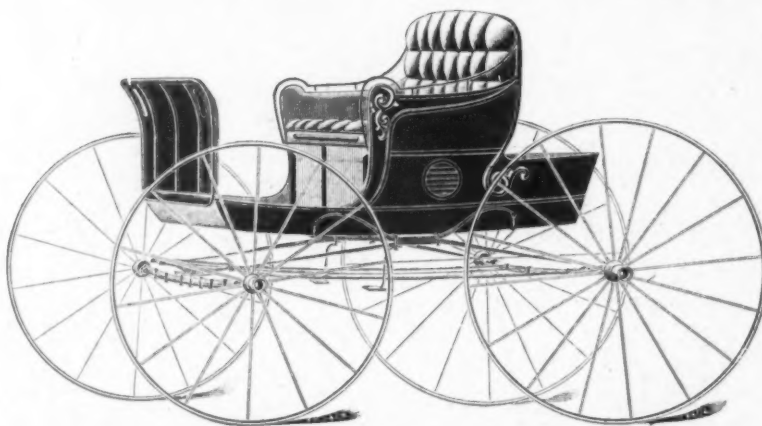
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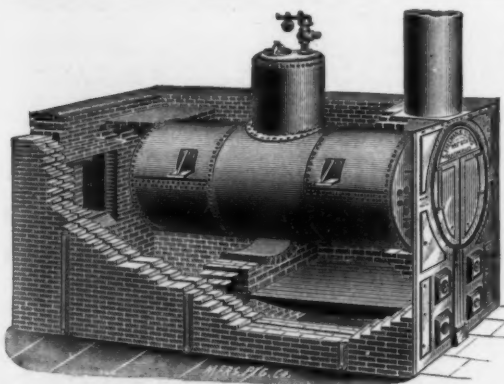
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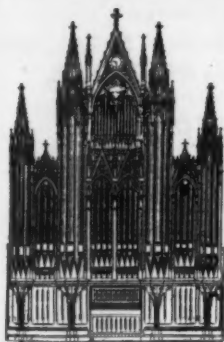
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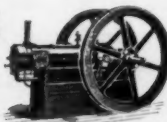
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Mrs. A. M. Howe,

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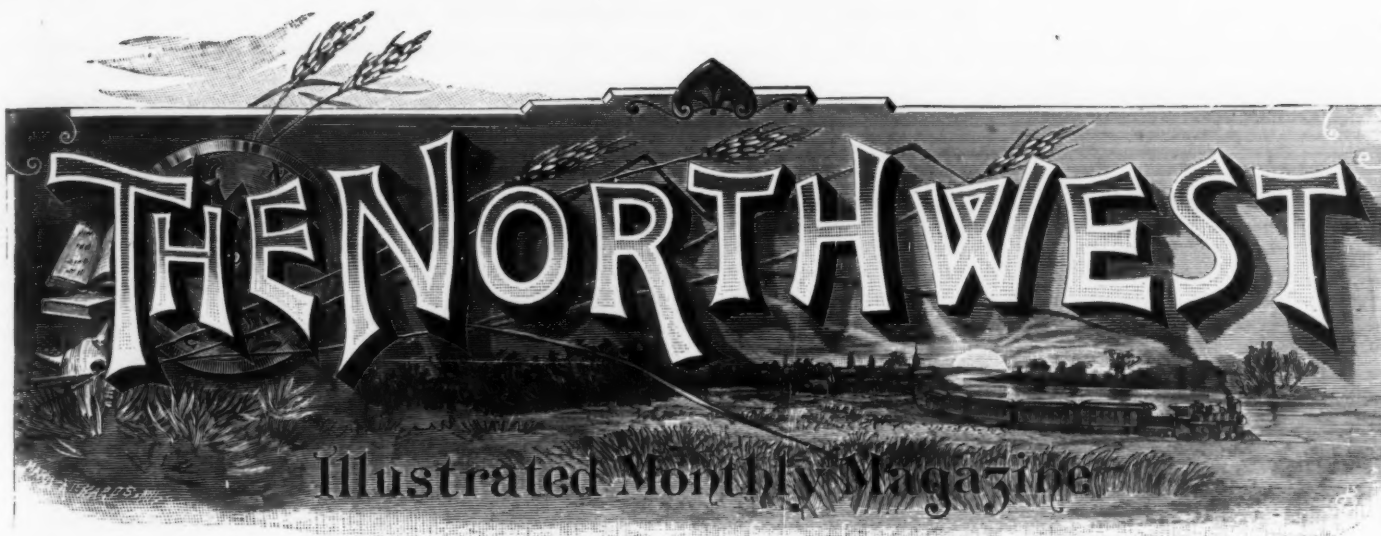


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VOL. XVI.—No. 6.

ST. PAUL, JUNE, 1898.

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IN THE BLACK HILLS OF SOUTH DAKOTA.

By Mary Alice Harriman.

From time immemorial the Black Hills have been the "Ultima Thule" of generations untold. The nomadic races that surged Northward from the primeval overflow of population in what is now Central America, found rich hunting-grounds in these wooded heights. North, East, and West the great wave of emigration rolled; and the vast prairie was the home of the dusky savage. The hills were the habitation of their Great Spirit. Here dwelt the Invisible One, and periodical visitations were made to these fastnesses of rock and forest. Here they came in the full of the willow leaf to celebrate the deliverance of their race from a flood of water that once covered all but the loftiest heights. Had not the Magical Chieftain sent a duck out from his big canoe, and after flying over miles of water had it not come back with the willow leaf, crinkled and tender as if just from the sheath? Blowing on the leaf, the Great Spirit caused particles of earth to fall, and soon there was dry land. This, the aboriginal version of the flood, accounts for their belief that a power greater than their own inhabited the somber and mysterious peaks. Every idea of grandeur was here realized in the simple, or rather natural, mind of the Red Man, and it was with veneration and awe that they claimed and occupied the hills and plains.

And then the White Man came. Came as a Canadian voyageur, intent on gathering the pelts of the fur producing animals; came as a hunter, anxious to live as lived the Red Man; came as a settler, to take their grazing-lands; came with his greed for conquest—for gold; came as a power whose object was to wrest these disputed hills and valleys from the hands of the long-time owners; and in the wild greed for gold, all else was as naught.

Small wonder that the Indians fought with the desperation of despair; the very last of their possessions, the *sanctum sanctorum* of their lands, was imperiled; but the crowning heroism of centuries of savage valor failed to stay the onward march of civilization.

The blood-stained years are still fresh in the memory of those who read, and the names of Phil Sheridan, Warren, Harney, Phil Kearney, and the immortal Custer, crowd to the mind as we recall the stirring times when the savage hordes fought so valiantly to retain the

last vestige of their ancient hunting-grounds.

It is not my intention to enter into a dissertation of the right or wrong of the occupancy of the Black Hills, nor to give an exhaustive review of the mining situation; but if, with pen and camera, somewhat of the charm of a personal visit to the Hills can be described, for those who cannot visit them, my object will be fulfilled.

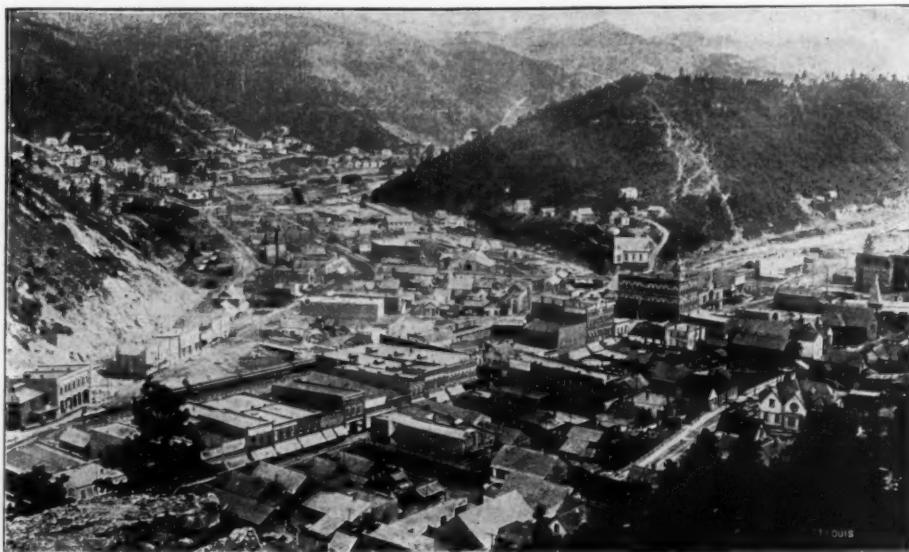
"O noble masters, might I here
Seize the light pencil from your grasp;
Then should the picture reappear
Which vainly I attempt to clasp.
What though the vision with me strays,
The awkward pencil tamely strays,
And leaves me, after all my cost,
To sigh above my labor lost.
But ye who have the conjuring will,
The painter's gift, the poet's heart,
Take the rough lines I cannot fill,
And touch them with your clearer art."

Who has not wanted to visit the Black Hills—a region of romance and reality—the scene of thrilling adventure and commercial opulence? Twenty-five years ago this country was hardly known to any one save the savage and the adventurous hunter. Little they knew or cared that eons had passed since these highly tilted

and Archaean rocks had formed an island in a primeval sea. What was it to them that the red clay and purple sandstone, and the marls, shales, limestones and gypsum, represented millions of years of earth growth; that geologists would revel in the geological panorama of Archaean rocks; of Mesozoic days and Jurassic deposits; of Carboniferous limestone and evidences of eruptive activity in Tertiary time?

The gold-seekers of '76 did not care particularly that the placer diggings from which they were taking thousands of dollars was the gravel between the Archaean and Potsdam formations; they got the gold—that was enough. But systematic geological knowledge, combined with capital, has shown the hidden richness of the Hills where the igneous action of bygone ages caused the mineralization of the sedimentary rocks of the Potsdam and Carboniferous rocks with ores of gold, silver, tin, and lead. These ores constitute today an exceedingly important part of the wealth of the Black Hills. The Homestake properties, Ragged Top, Ruby Basin, Bald Mountain; the true-fissure vein of the Holy Terror mine near Keystone and the newer district of Two Bit, these are of interest to capitalists as well as to geologists.

All the tremendous forces spent in forming these hills are still visible, for they retain the characteristics of their origin. The elements have clothed them with soil and adorned them



DEADWOOD, THE COMMERCIAL METROPOLIS OF THE BLACK HILLS, S. D.



ASCENDING BALD MOUNTAIN, NEAR DEADWOOD, A DISTRICT RICH IN GOLD-BEARING ORES.

with vegetation. Erosion has softened their jagged outlines, and a thousand streams, gathering head in its hollows, trickle down its rough sides to fertilize the valleys that lie between, and the plains spreading at their feet.

The tourist will here find crowded together the delights of a lifetime in the prettiest, grandest, most awe-inspiring scenery—fit companion to the Yellowstone Park and the Yosemite Valley. Nowhere is there a country of equal area whose surface is so greatly diversified. There is no form in which nature spreads, piles, or cuts her material, which is not repeated again and again in endless variety within the narrow limits bounded by the two principal branches of the Cheyenne.

With the accession of railroad facilities the scenic charm and commercial possibilities of this marvelous region have been opened wide; and nature, while filling the lap of her believers with the stored riches of the ages, extends her hands full of bounty to whomsoever will accept. The Black Hills have passed the sensational stage of frontier development, and the memory lingers only to more fully accentuate the pleasure of a trip through the Hills, up grade and down, into and out of canyons, through gloomy forest, by great precipices, and in view of quaint freaks of formation. Two railroad systems now penetrate every part of the territory—the Elkhorn and Missouri Valley, and the Burlington. It is best to go in on one line and come out on the other, thus seeing everything of interest in a comfortable manner. If you go in over the Elkhorn, you will go to Hot Springs first. It is better to take the Hills slowly; if you rush into the northern Hills at once, you lose the charm of gradual approach, and one's mind needs to become accustomed to the grandeur of the surroundings. You swing past Buffalo Gap early in the morning. Pushing up the curtain of your sleeper you see

"A night has passed away among the Hills,
And now the first faint token of the dawn
Shows in the East. The bright and dewy star
Whose mission is to usher in the morn,
Looks, through the cool air, like a blessed thing
In a far purer world."

Queer shapes, and forms of strange upheavals of an age long passed, are seen in the dim light. Pines grow everywhere—down the rocky sides of the canyons, along the sharp angles of the cliffs; they crowd one another off the narrow foothold of a needle, and seem almost human

with intention. Here and there they step up or down in deference to a great rib of marble protruding from the hillside. You see horses grazing in the little valleys and on the steep slopes; a turn of the road hides them from view, and brings new vistas of hills and valleys, with ranging cattle. There will be many of these curves and turns before you leave the Hills, so be prepared always for new views of mountain peak and craggy rock, of wild canyons and sylvan glens. "Like the melody, that sweetly play'd in tune," a river sparkles and dashes over its rocky bed, close by the track over which you are passing, or you find long reaches of quiet pools, where, even in winter, the green vines grow either on the bank or float gracefully on the warm water. For Fall River is warm—steam rises all the time, and winter's chill does not congeal its flow. Still winding in and out among the lesser Hills we emerge from the labyrinth and, gliding into a deep valley, narrowed by cliffs of colored stone, we are at Hot Springs. The river, rushing down its steep course, the magnificent hotels, the coloring of the rocks that crowd and push the buildings aside,—these are the three things that first attract attention. Hot Springs is situated on the southern border of the Black Hills. It is the lowest point in the Hills, and within a few miles it is protected by mountains attaining an elevation exceeding 5,000 feet. Situated in the narrow canyon, with a drainage incline of 100 feet to the mile, sheltered from winds, free from dust, it basks in perpetual sunshine. As seen from the Soldiers' Home, one half a mile away and 200 feet higher, the beautiful name, "Vale of Minnekahta," seems peculiarly appropriate. Surely the "Vale of Cashmere" never had more natural charms, and the likeness is accentuated by the admirable architecture of the hotels and business houses, built of the tinted stone which is quarried within a short distance of the town.

"Minnekahta," the poetic name the Indians gave to their favorite spot of all in the Hills, means "hot water." Two hundred and fifty-seven years ago the Indians knew of the healing to be obtained from bathing in these springs, and carried thither their sick in blankets. The springs are very much in evidence everywhere. The original spring, Minnekahta, the head and front of the town's existence, is found at the plunge of the Hot Springs Hotel. But there is no scarcity of the water that pours

its tepid stream through the plunge of either the Evans, Catholican or Hot Springs hotels, and there is no lack of grateful testimony as to the efficacy of the baths for rheumatism—acute, inflammatory or sciatic; neuralgia, catarrh, and Bright's disease. The temperature of these waters is a feature to be much emphasized. It is about 98 Fahrenheit, so close to that of the human body as to require neither heating nor cooling. Add to this a climate that is a delightful marvel to the most experienced traveler, and you possess a natural sanitarium not elsewhere equaled. The wonderful buoyancy of the water is difficult to describe, but the experience is exhilarating in the extreme. The clear water, the natural warmth, and the tingling of rejuvenation, are unequaled.

High on the rocks above town are the cottage homes, commanding beautiful views framed in deep greens of aromatic timber. From here one can drive to the sunken wells, can climb to the top of Battle

Mountain, where the last battle was fought between the Cheyennes and the Sioux—some say for the Hills, others contend that they fought for the prestige enjoyed by the monopoly of the springs. The beautiful environments of this cherished spot no pen can adequately describe; but once seen, the recollection of it calls up balmy woods of sighing pine-trees, where the breezes which play upon the harp of nature are sweet with balsam. There are rocks tumbled on rocks, picturesque and grand nooks, crannies, great spires, shaded walks, and moss-covered glades. Peak rises beyond peak, with dark bands of forest in the distance. There are vast pyramids of rocks curiously-shaped, and the marvelous clearness of the atmosphere brings out the minutest detail of this titanic sculpture.

"O peaceful spot, where forms look down
Fashioned in Nature's grandest mold,
How, from the hot and dusty town,
Will memory thy fair scene unfold—
Thy mornings, glorious and bright,
Thy still and silent skies at night!"

Wind Cave has been so ably pictured by another that I take the liberty of quoting it here:

"The entrance is gained from the veranda of the hotel, through an enclosed passage-way. A lifted trap door disclosed a flight of stairs leading to a depth of over one hundred feet, where the visitor is ushered into a bridal chamber with an area of one hundred and fifty-five feet. From this the route leads to another apartment, and others in succession, each named from some fancied resemblance to familiar objects. All are beautiful, and each has some distinctive characteristic to mark its individuality, but one can only briefly note here and there a room of particular interest. Capitol Hall, rather arbitrarily named, is a large chamber with a lofty roof. Advantage is taken of the numerous projections to suitably place candles for a general illumination. These an assistant lighted as our party approached, and the brilliant scene thus provided was a striking feature of the exhibition. Here the company was invited to sing, and as the voices blended in sweet accord to the strains of 'Nearer, My God, to Thee,' the familiar melody soared through the vaulted space with the grandeur of an organ peal.

"In the Bell Chamber, we found another brilliantly illuminated apartment, the rays of light reflected from the crystalline formation presenting quite a dazzling effect. While we



LEAD CITY, S. D., AND THE HOMESTAKE MINE, FROM WHICH MILLIONS OF GOLD HAVE BEEN TAKEN.

marked the natural beauties of the place, a chime of deep-toned bells rung upon our ears with inexpressible sweetness. An assistant in an obscure place had evoked these unexpected sounds from a series of stalactites in which Nature had stored her harmonies unaided, a fact which each visitor demonstrated for himself. The Tabernacle suggested its name in its form and size. Its ceiling is fifty feet high, and from roof and sides depended festoons of delicate mineral floss, which fell in atoms at a touch. This room was illuminated, and the reflections of light from the millions of minute facets presented a scene of barbaric splendor.

"Circling back through pearl-like gates of translucent formation, we passed through the Standing Rock chamber, where Johnson, the mind-reader, found a pin that had been hidden here. The hole from which it was taken is still pointed out. We retrace our way to the surface and discover that our wanderings have carried us over an itinerary of some eight miles, on five different levels. We visited some thirty-seven rooms, but as there are fourteen other routes and twenty-one hundred rooms in all, there is field enough to afford variety and interest for several visits."

We are apt to think of the Hills as "hills" only. Never was there a greater mistake. The finest farming-lands in the world lie in the valleys and benches of the Hills. Traveling through these mountains, along roads hemmed in on either side by high rocks and trees of magnificent height, we emerge suddenly into natural parks and glades that are rich beyond compare. There is a great deal of irrigable land subject to entry at the Rapid City land office. The farmers on Rapid River and other Black Hills streams are unusually prosperous. How can they help it when plowing can be, and is, done all winter. Seeding begins in February. Three crops of alfalfa and two crops of oats can be taken from the field in one season. Sunlight plays an important part in agriculture. The weather signal station at Rapid reports more sunny days than any other station in the United States. Here the Indians had their hunting-grounds and game preserves, and here the intrepid Custer halted for a time to rest and recuperate his tired, worn men and horses.

The silt from ages, the disintegration which the elements caused, the slow wash of rains, have caused the valleys and benches to be cov-

ered with the richest soil on earth. Numerous springs in the mountains supply the needed water for irrigation, and wherever guided, it causes the earth to blossom as the rose. West of Rapid City we find the mineral district of Keystone, and east are the grazing regions of South Dakota. The State School of Mines, one of the few in the world, is located here, and its value in promoting the mining interests of the Black Hills cannot be over estimated. Here was solved the problem of dealing with the refractory ores of Bald Mountain,—a question which baffled most mining experts,—thus opening a new source of wealth to the Hills.

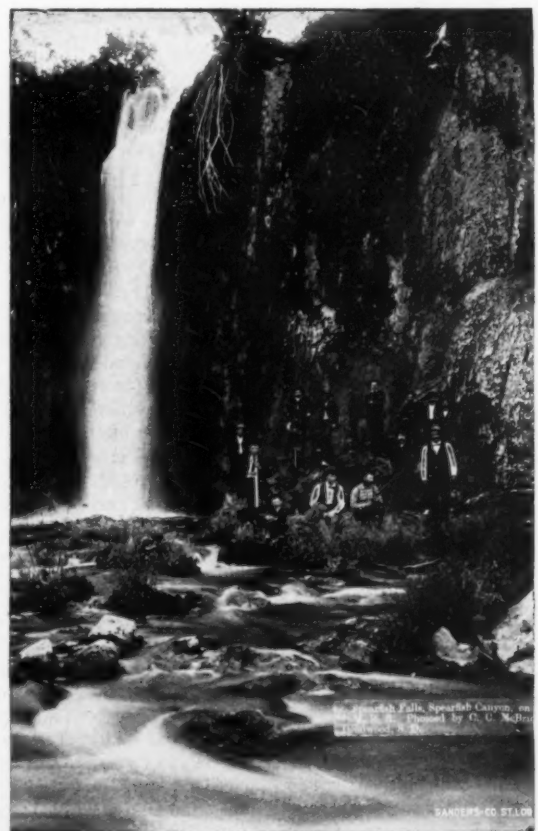
On the way to Piedmont one passes canyons cut in the down-sweeping hills—passes here an old stage-post where once the famous Deadwood stage had changed horses, and there where Custer had camped over night. The glamour of the wild days is much enhanced by the thought that there are now no Indians and no hold-ups by express robbers, as we glide into Piedmont. Here one can change cars and go to Lead on the narrow-gauge road that hauls the Homestake supplies; but we will continue on, as did Samanthly Allen, and presently a long sweep of road brings us in sight of the pretty town of Sturgis, the county seat of Meade County. The Sturgis of today is very different from the town of '78, and the whirl and bustle of early days has given place to the steady, substantial growth of a well regulated town. It is essentially a farming town, rather than one having mining interests. The wheat raised here is called rice wheat, from the phenomenal whiteness and purity of the flour, and it is sought for in other markets in order to raise the grade of flour made from less perfect wheat. There is a flouring-mill, a saw and planing-mill, a creamery, and an exceedingly pretty court-house, looking as though freshly built, owing to the peculiar brightness of the stone used, a home production. The water-power here is one of the strongest, purest and most abundant in the Hills.

Fort Meade, one and one-half miles below town, is picturesquely located and adds security to the whole country

from both Indian and labor troubles. As one goes through the narrow pass which separates Fort Meade from Sturgis, the sight is grand. Bear Butte rears its crest fourteen hundred feet above the plain, five or seven miles away, but one would argue that one could walk there in ten minutes, so near does it seem in the clear atmosphere. This is the Ararat of Indian tradition, and to this day the hardy climber can find trees with huge stones in their forked branches that were deposited by Indians, years ago, as one sort of offering to the Great Spirit living there. Approaching the mountain from the east, the figure of a bear couchant is very plainly seen in the outline of the isolated mountain. The peak is entirely distinct from the Hills, and forms a striking landmark. Near town is an entrance to a cave similar to Wind Cave, many miles away. It never has been fully explored; it is so large, and goes to such an abysmal depth, that there are those who think

that it is connected with both Wind Cave and Crystal Cave. Think of the tremendous outward pressure of gasses imprisoned in this shell of earth! A greater part of the crystallization, however, is in the shape of box formations, as regular as though laid off with square and compass. All through the Hills this thought is present—the power displayed. Mighty masses of solid rock, upheaved thousands of feet, now solid, now split, now waved as though they had risen and fallen. Some of them are splintered in slate like fashion, or piled in regular masonry. One never wearies of their varying aspects.

Another hour's ride and we reach Belle Fourche, on a stream of the same name. This is literally the "jumping off" place of the Hills,



BEAUTIFUL SPEARFISH FALLS, NEAR SPEARFISH, S. D.



HARNEY'S PEAK, NEAR CUSTER, S. D., AND 8,000 FEET ABOVE THE LEVEL OF THE SEA.

for north, west, and east, there is no habitation for hundreds of miles. Here the stock-range extends as far north as the Northern Pacific in Montana, and as far east as Pierre. Belle Fourche has the distinction of being the largest primary stock-shipping point in the world. Sixteen thousand cars of cattle were shipped from here last fall ready for market, and it was a sight worth seeing. Vast herds of young cattle are brought here from Texas, kept two summers and one winter on the range, and then are shipped East. As the "bull-punchers" round up their wild herds of long-horned steers in bunches of one thousand to ten thousand each, the stock-yards are filled and refilled with the cattle being deified through the narrow passage to the cars. A scene indescribable in excitement and magnitude is enacted. Shouts and cries, cattle looking this way and that, wild-eyed, untamed; perhaps some unruly steer trying to climb over the backs of others. Usually they are docile until, entering a car, they realize that they are trapped; then a wild plunge follows, a struggle; but others piling in fill the car rapidly and there is no room nor time to injure or be injured. The spring round-ups, too, are exciting; but as most of the cattle shipped from here are steers, it lacks the excitement of branding the calves, such as takes place on the ranges near the Missouri River. It has been said that "the Black Hills are gold from the grass-roots down, but that there is more gold from the grass-roots up," and when one considers the wealth represented by these

lost in the placer mines and at the gaming-table. Some of the scenes are recalled or imagined as we glance curiously at the Deadwood of today. All the wild past seems to be crystallized in thought, just as the crystals are present in the adjacent caves.

Lying as it does in the center of an extraordinarily productive gold-belt, Deadwood is surrounded by hills that bear the richest of quartz lodes, the products of which come as naturally to the city as the water does from their slopes. The narrow gulch, every foot of which has paid its toll of precious metal, has been leveled and widened. The mountain floods have been curbed, and the stream that used to occupy the center of the narrow defile, now finds a passage-way at the foot of the Hills. Terraces along the steep slopes afford home sites amid the ancient pines; and the paved streets, sewerage, water-works from clearest mountain springs, with electric lights, go to make it abreast of modern city life. Churches, city hall and handsome stores add their quota to the whole; but the towering hills that close it in on every side remember the early days, and know that at heart Deadwood is the same happy-go-lucky creature that feasted and famed in the gulch eighteen or twenty years ago. The mining industry that has brought such fame to Deadwood makes but very little showing on the streets. There are few idlers, and everyone is too busy to "show off;" yet the volume of business is expressed in so large figures that a stranger cannot avoid a feeling

cattle after feeding on this same hill and Buffalo-grass, the saying is decidedly apropos.

Returning to Whitewood, we make a deliberate turn and plunge valiantly into one of the many canyons. We are conscious of the up-grade from the very start. The strong, steady throb of the engine and its very pulling are felt plainly, and the mighty hills, soon shutting out all horizon lines, except their towering crests, make us realize that we are in the Black Hills. Up, up, and on, on, still we wind and turn, wondering where we can go next as we see the precipitous walls close in front. There is a long tunnel, a wild mass of ragged steeps, a muddy river, thick with the tailings of the Homestake mines miles away, and black pines growing close to the roadsides. White rocks are fantastically outlined against the sunny sky. We go past a huge smelter, a chlorination and a cyanide plant, a jumble of houses, and then we shrink ourselves into a still narrower canyon filled to overflowing with dwellings, a bustle of life—and we are in Deadwood—the Deadwood of the Hills, the one-time mining-camp such as no language can fittingly describe, where every foot of ground has been panned for gold, and the whole gulch was once as wild as the remotest canyon now is. Here reckless men shot on sight; here the wide-open plan was the accepted order of things, and fortunes were made and

of disappointment that the town does not make more parade about it.

Some way or other, in entering Deadwood we come from the north. It is hard to believe it; even old-timers think that the sun rises in the wrong place. The streams run north; that is one reason for the perplexing change of the cardinal points of the compass. Lead is three miles south. The railroad has an up-grade, the steepest standard grade in the world, I believe; and as you pass, first a terra-cotta stream of water, then a bright canary-yellow river, merging into the first, and then a brilliant cherry-red little brook, you wonder if the Titans have been coloring their old clothes and emptied the fluid out of their back doors high up in the wild canyons which we are passing.

An intervening mountain shuts out all view of one town from the other, and their municipal lives are entirely distinct. One hears the thunderous roar of hundreds of stamps, pounding the ore of the great Homestake mines, long before reaching the town; and always, day or night, is the undertone to be heard in any part of the city. Lead is the Homestake mine. Its inhabitants are mostly employed by this great company in the systematic operation of its properties. It has boldly invested immense capital in providing plants of every known facility for mining and the reduction of ores, and it conducts its vast and varied transactions with precision and perfect discipline. The company has six quartz-mills, with an aggregate of seven hundred ponderous stamps that maintain their activity from year to year—night and day. Never can one forget a visit to these mills. The power and strength of those stamps makes one think of demoniacal powers dancing and turning and crushing to impalpable powder the quartz containing the precious metal. The crushing capacity is from two to four tons per stamp per day. The Homestake properties are connected by thirty-five miles of narrow-gauge railway, its employees number nearly three thousand, and its monthly disbursements for salaries, wages and supplies exceed two hundred thousand dollars. And all this on a low grade ore that runs three to four dollars to the ton. The dividends already paid the fortunate stockholders exceed six and a half millions of dollars. It shows what economic business principles and thorough understanding of the situation can accomplish. As a whole, it is one of the greatest mining corporations in the world, a phenomenal business development in a land of mining wonders.

From Deadwood there are numberless points of interest to be visited, but one need not go outside the city limits to gain such views as tourists make long journeys to obtain. The Hills uprear their broken outlines and break the sky-line in infinite variety. Dead timber is noticeable, and when the gulch was first explored it was scattered in inextricable confusion—hence the name of Deadwood. One trip to be taken is from Piedmont to Lead. The road belongs to the Homestake mine and was originally built for the purpose of handling the wood required by the mines for fuel and timbering.

The Elk Canyon makes an impression of majesty beyond words. Enclosed between great cliffs of somberness and gloom, the laboring engine struggles; winding, turning, twisting, a way is found to go ever onward, ever upward. The variegated toning of the cliffs, covered with lichens, keeps the scene from utter dreariness. Rounding Knife-blade rock by a huge curve, one of the most striking features of the Hills is seen. Still we climb, over trestles, looking down into deep gulches where the sun can hardly penetrate, looking up where the pines hug closely the everlasting rocks, past a



SYLVAN LAKE, AND SYLVAN LAKE HOTEL, AT CUSTER, S. D.

curve where once a train was held up—past thousands of logs and timbers soon to be hauled to the mines to be put under-ground. And still the grade ascends, till at last one looks out upon the wild upheavals of times when the world was young.

Here the blue-black hills rise beyond and above each other until the lofty points glow with the clear sunlight, and, as a shadow falls, we see why the Hills are called black, the pines darken so perceptibly. Here the rocky cliff, towering in superb grandeur, mocks the lightning and sends from peak to peak the loud peal of the thunder-storm. From this point, the steam shut off, we begin to slide—the power of gravitation carries us on—around mountain-sides, clinging to the narrow shelf made for the rails alone. Curves and gulches unroll behind us like a long, winding ribbon. Down, down, and still the valleys are far below. Looking across a narrow canyon, we see the track far below on the opposite side; presently we are on that track, and look up to see where we passed, perhaps 200 feet or more above, and so on till we are dizzy with the efforts of trying to see everything. Then Lead comes in sight, and as we slide into the depot we realize that we have descended to a city several thousand feet above the level of the sea, and we begin to wonder if we are not akin to aeronauts.

Mountains often hide their beauties as they do their treasures, and but for the railroads, which seem to attack any grade and to fear no curves, all of that which constitutes wild and impressive scenery, dark gulches and sonorous canyons, would remain unknown to the majority of travelers. By them everything is accessible. They turn like a snake, at the head of

a gulch, run up perpendicular heights, down precipitous inclines, and skirt the mountain-side where there seems to be scarcely a foothold. The Bald Mountain narrow-gauge railroad has charms of its own that must not be neglected, and as the two puffing engines are attached to our car, we realize that it is going to be hard work to make the climb. As we go up the gulch, the debris along the stream shows the work of placer miners, and, passing Central City, we almost feel the wild exultation which inspired men's lives in '76 and '78. Here, as much as \$140,000 was taken out of one claim; yonder, a man was shot; over there was a famous dance-house, and so on. It is quiet enough now. Placer mines in this part of the Hills are a thing of the past.

Our train is now running up almost impossible grades and describing incomprehensible curves; skirting precipices and skimming over trestles, leaving its tracks below in a tangle of loops and bends. Not infrequently four tracks can be seen on as many different levels. A wonderful piece of engineering was the construction of this road, attacking grades of over 430 feet to the mile, and forming curves of 150 feet radius. Often our engine is directly opposite the rear car. After miles of ascension, the heights that close us in seem to suddenly drop away.

"Then I found myself
Midway in air; ridge after ridge below
Descended with their opulence of woods,
Even to the dim-seen level."

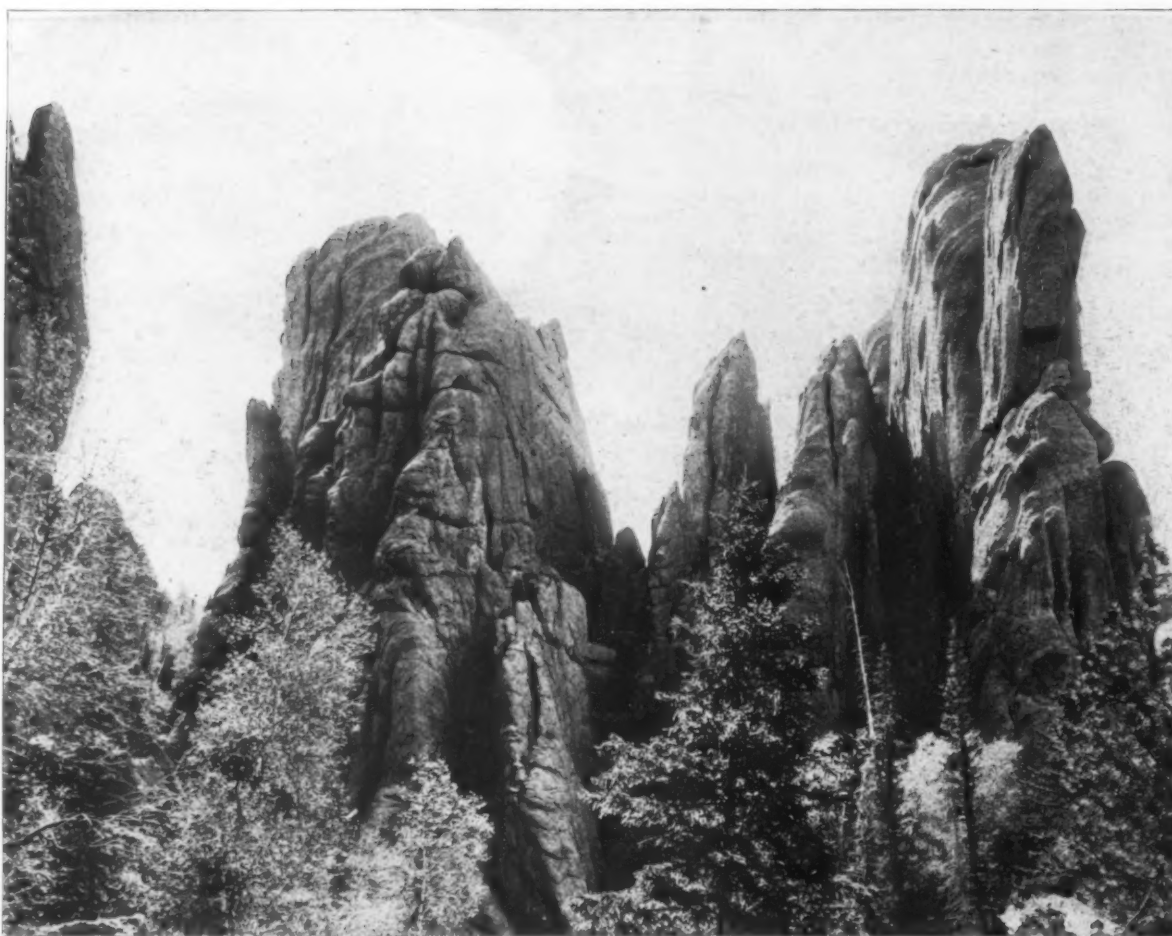
where the plains lay far in the distance. Terry, the objective point of this road, is a characteristic mining-camp. The one street has stores huddled irregularly down its rocky slope, and the houses are put most anywhere where they

can find room. The Golden Reward and Buxton mines make the town, and the miners constitute the population. No steam is needed for the downward trip, and one shudders as one thinks of the horrors of a ride without the guiding hands of the ever watchful train-crew.

A day or two of rest is needed before going through the Spearfish Canyon, the wildest scenery in the Hills, if not in the United States. The enormous heights of Colorado and the sublimity of the Yellowstone Park may be more stupendous, but they are not wilder nor more fantastic in detail. When the president of the road first went over the newly-finished track, the engineer who had built it asked him what he thought of the engineering feat. With his scalp still sore from trying to make his hair lie down, the magnate replied:

"If you were told to survey a road to Hell, sir, I believe you'd do it!"

For the first few miles, satiated with ever recurring beauty, we are passive; by the time we reach Portland, the summit of Bald Mountain, after passing once over and then a quarter of a mile under the road which we had previously taken to Terry, we unconsciously sympathize with the engine that strains to pull us up the almost unequalled grade. Slowly the horizon expands, and the exhilaration felt in rising from the narrow confines of the canyons to the higher and boundless view, causes a thrill of life to move one to an uncommon degree. As we advance, the vast rock masses are cleft in every direction by canyons, in the beds of which the gurgling streams are the only signs of animation. Everywhere are miners' shafts, prospect-holes, and dumps, but the



"THE PALISADES"—A SCENE IN THE BLACK HILLS NEAR CUSTER, S. D.

workmen are in the bowels of the earth, and all is still. Emerging upon the narrow summit, we shrink as though suddenly suspended in mid-air. From this outlook one can see nearly all the great landmarks of the Hills. To the west is the dark mass of the Bear Lodge Mountains. Twin Buttes, Deer's Ears, and Bear Butte, although a hundred miles away, rise distinctly out of the great plains which extend straight on, as far as the eye can reach, and meet the sky at the line of the horizon. On the southeast is Custer's Peak, which alone obstructs the view of Mount Harney and Terry's Peak, second in height among all the peaks of the Hills.

From this point the road begins a gradual descent, which soon becomes a plunge of one hundred feet to the mile. It is here that we look down 1,200 feet into the wondrous Spearfish Canyon, with its beautiful, foaming, rushing river. After a run of eight miles to go three-quarters of a mile, we glide along the margin of this stream, which pours down an incline of 100 feet to the mile. The remarkable descent is made by a loop that follows the winding course of the canyon. It is confusing to see familiar objects reappear at unexpected points, until one is almost persuaded that the engine has become bewildered and is running wild in this dark gorge. In this canyon we cross the river where it pours over a high ledge, but only after passing can we see it in the backward curve. Beyond the ledge—in front, behind, on every side, the battlemented towers rise; castellated buttresses, beleaguered cities, quaint shapes, are on every height.

As we penetrate these awful depths still farther and behold their adamant shape, the

puny heart cries out, "What is man, that Thou art mindful of him?" And still the sheer cliffs hem us in, and to ease our hearts of the burden of the terrible grandeur, Bridal Veil Falls, a waving mist of sparkling crystal with sunny sheen of breaking foam, comes shivering down to our feet. There are other falls a short distance away, and when it seems as though human eyes could gaze no more, we suddenly leave this chasm behind and slip out into a peaceful farming country. The last rays of the sun gild the church-spires, and we are in Spearfish. It is like being suddenly transported into a New England village. There is no hint of the dark and winding ways through which we have so recently passed, as we glance back to the eastward hills. They look cheerful and placid in that sunset, and convey no thought of the secrets within.

Spearfish has about 1,200 inhabitants, and is certainly the prettiest town in the Black Hills. The State Normal School is located here, with a most efficient corps of teachers. The broad streets are noticeably clean, and the whole town betokens peaceful thrift. An exceedingly good hotel is at hand. The valley of the Spearfish River is the natural outlet of several mineral districts of vast and varied wealth. The hills are honeycombed with minerals, from gold to tin, but the agricultural resources are what make the town at present. The vast open region which extends northward has foothills and valleys of teeming fertility that prove a strong counter-attraction to the mineral-laden Hills. The people are progressive. The electric lights furnished by the Spearfish River, three miles up the gulch; the pure water from never-failing springs, and the beautiful walks

and drives, make it a most pleasant place for a habitation or for a short sojourn.

Back to Deadwood again, after reversing the pleasure of the ride through Spearfish Canyon; and this time, in leaving, we say "good-bye," for we shall take the Burlington "out." As we glide through scenery that is now somewhat monotonous to us, we wonder if there can be anything new for us to see. The crags rise high, the mountain spruce sends its graceful form from every crevice, and, with the pine, fills the air with fragrant odors. The naked wildness of the surroundings defy description, and the scream of the whistle awakens Titanic echoes. At Hill City, the second town founded in the Hills, we are in the center of the celebrated Harney Peak District of tin-ore deposits. Here has been expended two million dollars in the purchase and development of numerous properties and in the erection of immense plants for the reduction of ores. They are idle now, and no one knows whether they will ever be operated again or not. It has been a severe blow to Hill City, but there are plenty of gold-mines near, such as the phenomenal Holy Terror and Key Stone at Key Stone, and there are others awaiting the magic of capital combined with practical knowledge. Between here and Custer is a remarkable loop, made necessary by the forbidding character of an intervening canyon. A detour is made of six miles to secure an advance of only a hundred yards. Nothing but the highest engineering skill made this possible.

On Harney Peak is found the culmination of all the beauty of the Hills. Double rows of enormous needles radiate from our point of view to the foot of the mountain, and in every

direction are divergent canyons, profound in depth, abrupt in declivity. It is the grandest view in the Hills. We are awe-struck with the sublimity of the scene, and it is with reverential attitude that we bow acknowledgment to the Chief Artificer for the artistic beauty of this stupendous spectacle.

"The sky bent 'round

The awful dome of the most mighty temple
Built by Omnipotent hands, for nothing less
Than infinite worship. There I stood in silence!
I had no words to tell the mingled thoughts
Of wonder and of joy that then came o'er me
E'en with a whirlwind's rush. So beautiful,
So bright, so glorious! Such a majesty
In yon pure vault! So many dazzling tints
In yonder waste of hills!"

The culmination of the whole beauty and grandeur of the Hills is here, and the descent is made in almost total silence. Custer is soon reached. We have found that there are different kinds of scenery on this road; for from Hill City to Minnekahta it is entirely another geological strata, with its accompanying law of stratification and crystallization. The beautiful spot called Custer Park has a forest of wonderful beauty; spruce, fir, willow, and a young growth of birch and aspen, commingle, while great granite masses hump their backs above the trees. The rock-ribbed cliffs seem to pierce the heavens, and Sylvan Lake, the jewel of all the Hills, lies nestled in its stone-bound bed. The road from Custer gives no hint of this priceless diamond as it creeps through a labyrinth of hills around granite boulders, and not till the crystal lake is reached are you aware of its existence. Its mirroring waters, magically clear, reflect the tiniest shadows, and the dimpling effects of pellucid waves are accentuated by frowning fortresses of barren ledges, which rise precipitous from its waters. Custer, the first place where gold was found in the Hills, has outgrown its wild, woolly ways and developed into a staid and pleasant town. The tourist will find sufficient of interest to keep him there for days, especially as Sylvan Lake is only six miles away. A lover of the grand and beautiful is continually delighted at every turn and bend. Bald peaks of granite rise on one side, and dainty valleys lie at their feet. Below Custer there seems to be a veritable playground of the gods. The strange positions of boulders on mossy beds, with the ever present pine and spruce, make a land in which imagination can run riot.

At Minnekahta we are near Hot Springs, and our tour is complete. As we once raised our sleeper curtain to gaze delightedly at the Terra Incognita of our eager quest, so now we pull it down, knowing that we have seen some of the grandest phases of nature in the world.

CAMELS FOR ALASKA.—It is reported that a Chicago man has bought forty camels with which to establish a pack-train between Skagway and Dawson City, in the Klondike. He claims that camels can subsist on less food than reindeer, and that they can each carry 500 to 800 pounds of freight from the Lynn Canal to the Yukon in eight days. The Bozeman (Mont.) Chronicle says that a lot of camels were brought to Montana, in the early days, but that they could not stand the climate, though the weather there is not half so bad as it is in Alaska.

YUKON REAL ESTATE STORIES.—Two lots on First Avenue, near the old opera-house in Dawson City, in the Northwest Territories, sold recently for \$40,000. A lady owning a twenty-five-foot lot almost back of these, on Second Avenue, sold it for \$4,500. It cost her \$300 about a year ago. The town site people have advanced the price on all their property from \$100 to \$1,000 a lot, owing to the location, and the boom promises to keep up for some time to come.

ONLY A TRAMP.

BY SPOONER.

Kent was sober. He was not responsible for his condition, for he had made a frantic effort early in the morning to connect with an amount of money sufficient to purchase the necessary fluid, and had haunted the saloons in the hope of being invited to take a drink by some kindly disposed soul or a liberal candidate for political honors. These conditions failed to materialize, and so Kent was sober.

Now, when a man has no other place to go, he thinks of home. Kent was not an exception to this rule—and it is a rule. In fact, he had been thinking of home for years. It was a thought that saddened his few sober moments, and over which, in his more frequent intoxicated ones, he invariably became maudlin. It was a pretty home, nestling cozily among the blue New Hampshire hills. A trumpet vine threw its twisting branches all over one end of the rustic porch, and the red blossoms hung lovingly down over the silver hair that crowned the head of his mother, as she rocked to and fro in the old rush rocker. The shifting leaves permitted little shafts of sunshine to slip through and caress that wrinkled face. Kent gulped when memory painted this picture; then he made up his mind to go home.

It was many miles from Helena, in Montana, to where that patient mother sat awaiting the return of her only son, and Kent was penniless. Yet, when a man has traveled all over the United States without money, ways and means of travel suggest themselves very readily. Kent had been a tramp, and knew all the methods of railroading which his experience had taught him. The Northern Pacific express that left Helena that night carried a passenger on the "blind," the term by which the front end of the first baggage-car is known among the wandering profession. It is not very comfortable, for the sharp, hot cinders from the engine keep up a constant and pitiless bombardment, and Kent's face was soon bleeding from the tiny cuts.

When the train ran into the depot yards the next day, Kent swung himself off and staggered to a near-by water-tank. A little stream of water dripping from the big, red barrel overhead furnished a grateful bath for the bleeding face, and a sympathetic switchman shared a portion of his supper with the tramp. He also offered him a pull from a black flask, but, strange to say, Kent refused it.

"What's the matter?" asked the switchman, in surprise. "Don't you drink?"

"No; not now," answered Kent. "I'm goin' home to my mother," and he hurried away, filled with a new sense of elation and murmuring to himself, "I can quit, now. I can quit, now!"

He managed to subsist the rest of the day on the result of a successful begging expedition and a quarter which he had earned by stopping a horse that had started away from in front of a store, while the owner was inside.

There was no blind on the train that left that night for St. Paul, and, filled as he was with this new desire to reach home, Kent did not wait, but, creeping under the cars, found a place on the bars that run lengthwise between the trucks. You must lie full length on these narrow rails, facing the ground, closing your eyes to avoid the dust and sharp flints that fly up from the road-bed; and, above all, you must

keep awake. When the train stops for water or at the local stations, you must get down, rub your limbs to restore circulation, and change your position; but do not attempt to move or to relax your hold for a second while the train is in motion, or the result is bound to be fatal.

Kent knew all this, for he had traveled that way before. What he did not know, however, was that sixty miles down the road was a broken rail, twisted across the track, the result of a defective piece of steel and the jar of a heavy freight that had passed only an hour before; and on through the night, clinging to his narrow perch, choked with the dust and numbed with the cold—on toward that broken rail he sped.

The engine, two baggage-cars, the smoker, and one of the day coaches, left the track and tore their way over the ties for a few hundred yards. "No one was injured—except a tramp who was stealing a ride under the cars." They found him lying by the side of the road, horribly crushed, and bleeding from a deep gash in the top of his head. They carried him into the baggage-car and hastily summoned a doctor from one of the sleepers. One of the trainmen put a coat under his head, in an effort to make him comfortable. Perhaps it was the gentleness with which this was done that awakened memory again, for the doctor, as he leaned to listen to the faintly fluttering breath, heard him whisper:

"Mother, it was a long way to come, but there ain't no one that can nurse a fellow like you can. That's right!—Ah! It—makes—me—glad—to—think—that—I've—got—home."

Kent was dead—a tramp in the far Northwest.

A MARCH MORNING IN THE BLACK HILLS.

Softly, as comes the waking dawn,
From the midland plains rose the morning mist;
And the East wind bore it swiftly on
Where the Hills the horizon kissed.
And the morn was cold,
And the Hills were old;
And, underneath, the hidden gold.

The Black Hills stood in their cold, dark pride,
But the mists uprose with stately grace,
And, flinging their wreaths both far and wide,
Held the Hills in their white embrace.
And the morn was cold,
And the Hills were old;
And, underneath, the precious gold.

They rolled through gulches and twined through trees,
Like specters and wraiths in cloudland born—
Hobgoblins, fairies, winding sheets, these
All marshaled and fleeing the morn.
And the morn was cold,
And the Hills were old;
And, underneath, the sought-for gold.

The sun arises. The Hills receive
A warning touch. Day breezes stir
Till the mists slow scatter, as loath to leave
The oaks, the pines, and the fir.
For the morn was cold,
And the Hills were old;
And, underneath, the yellow gold.

See! The trailing wreaths they flung in sport
Over bush and tree, over height and abyss,
Are left as memories of the court
They hold on a morn like this.
For the morn was cold,
And the Hills were old;
And, underneath, the shining gold.

I know ne'er workman has yet been found
Who has skill and cunning such texture to weave.
Nor can gems be purchased with gold from the ground
Like these the mist wraiths leave.
But the morn was cold,
And the Hills were old;
And, underneath, men dug for gold.

MRS. H. J. TORRENCE.

Dendwood, S. D.



Bootless Enterprise.

F Thrift is an admirable quality, but it may be overdone as in the case of a LaMoire County boy, in North Dakota, who has been catching gophers, cutting off their tails, and letting the animals go in hope that another tail will grow. The secret of the scheme lies in the fact that the county pays a bounty for gopher tails. A gopher that will grow an annual tail would be a prize for the gopher hunters.—*Bismarck (N. D.) Tribune.*

Old-Fashioned Spinning-Wheels.

The wives and daughters of the Icelanders who are settled in this district, says the *Western Prairie* of Cypress River, Man., are excellent spinners of wool and can make beautiful yarn without having the wool carded, as there are no carding machines in Iceland. The spinning-wheels used are of the old-fashioned small kind, and are moved by the foot. There are many of these primitive wheels amongst the Icelanders, and they are much better adapted for spinning uncarded wool than the larger wheel, as the operator sits when at work and uses both hands. The wheels were brought from Iceland and are well constructed. The long, uncarded wool is deftly arranged and drawn out into beautiful yarn.

A Peace River Wedding.

There was a wedding at Peace River, the other day. As Peace River is 1,300 miles north of Winnipeg, something of a half-savage character might be expected at such a distant point on the frontier. It might be supposed that the marriage feast consisted of steaks from a musk-ox, moose-deer noses and tongues, roasted wood buffalo, and beavers' tails, and that the costumes would be in keeping with other surroundings. Such was not the case. The bride, a beautiful and accomplished young lady, was dressed in fine silk, with flowers and jewels. There was a splendid civilized dinner, music on the parlor organ, a well-dressed assembly, and a pleasing drive of ten miles to the home of the bridegroom. Civilization is advancing northward at such a rate that the Polar Sea will soon be reached.—*Western Prairie, Cypress River, Man.*

Pests of the Yukon.

Not only do the Yukon mosquitoes attack men and overwhelm them, but they drive the moose, deer and caribou up the mountains to the snow line, where these animals would prefer not to be in berry time. They kill dogs; and even the big brown bear, that is often mis-called a grizzly, has succumbed to them. Bears come down to the river from the hillside in the early fall to get some of the salmon that are often thrown upon the banks when the "run" is heavy.

If bruin runs foul of a swarm of mosquitoes and has not his wits about him, his day has come. The insects will alight all over him. His fur protects his body, but his eyes, ears and nose will soon be swollen and bleeding, and, unless he gets into a river or a strong wind, he will be driven mad and blind, to wander about hopelessly until he starves to death.

Although the Alaska summer is short, two

broods of mosquitoes hatch out each year, and are ready for business from one to ten seconds after they leave the water. It rains a good deal along the Yukon, and rain is welcomed, for it drives the mosquitoes to cover. They hide under leaves and branches until the shower is over; and then they come out boiling with rage at the time they have been forced to spend in idleness, and the miner has a harder time than ever after his respite.

Mosquitoes and snowflakes are not contemporaries in the States, but in Alaska it is different. Snow does not bother them so much as rain, and an early snow may fall while they are still on the wing. Fog does not choke them, either. They appear to like it. They float about in it as in ambush, and take the unwary prospector by surprise.

Shadows of Pacific Coast Life.

Two men met on the street and exchanged enthusiastic greetings. One was a resident of Seattle and the other was from Port Gamble. They were old friends, and had not seen each other for six years. Questions flew thick and fast.

"How is your family?" asked the Seattle man.

"Family!" exclaimed the man from Port Gamble. "I haven't any family."

"What's the matter? They ain't dead, are they?"

"No, but we don't live together any more."

"That's queer. I don't understand."

"I'll explain," resumed the Gamble man, with a short laugh. "I suppose you know about the trouble we got into over a piece of land we settled on out south of Yesler Way. Well, after a lot of litigation we accepted \$22,000 in cash for our claim. It was a heap of money, and looked big. I made two piles, gave my wife \$11,000 and kept \$11,000 myself. Then I reminded her that we owed about \$400, and proposed that each pay half. She consented, and the next day I went around and paid up everything. At night I laid the bills out and said to my wife: 'I have paid all the bills. Your share is \$200. You can just pay that amount over to me, and then we will be even.'"

"Now, what do you think she did? That woman said: 'No; I don't propose to pay you. I have learned that when I get any money I must keep it.'"

"I argued with her for a while, but she wouldn't change her mind. Then I said:

"I'll give you just twenty minutes to make up your mind to pay me that \$200."

"I took out my watch to time her. She got up and went into the bedroom when the time was up. I stepped into the room. She was on her knees by the side of the bed, with her face buried in the bedclothes, and sobbing violently.

"Have you made up your mind to pay me that \$200?" I asked.

"No; I haven't changed my mind," she replied.

"I didn't say anything more to her. I just filled two gunny-sacks with clothes, and went off and left her. I haven't seen her for over six years."

"Where is she now?" asked the Seattle man.

"Oh, I guess she lives in Seattle yet."

"How long had you lived together?"

"Twenty-nine years."

"Well, I think you are a blamed fool to act that way," exclaimed the Seattle man.

"Maybe I am; but she didn't keep her word, and I don't care to live with a woman of that kind."

"Are you going to get married again?"

"Yes; I am making arrangements to have another woman come out from the East."

"How did you get a divorce?"

"Well, you see, I couldn't get a divorce because I was the one who deserted; so I wrote to my wife and asked her to come to me. She did not answer, so I came up to Seattle a year afterward and got a divorce on the ground that she would not live with me. And now I can get married again whenever I please. There! now you have the whole story. Perhaps the next time we meet it will be in order to ask how my family is getting along.—*Seattle (Wash.) Post-Intelligencer.*

Odd Indian Names.

A fisherman who came in from Avon recently reports that the funniest thing he ever saw happened while he was waiting for the train to come along and bring him and a big catch of fish to town.

"They were guarding a lot of Cree Indians near the station," he said, "and I happened along just at roll-call. You see, there are so many of them that every time they stop anywhere they have to check over the list again to make sure that none are left behind. I was there when the ceremony was gone through preparatory to setting out on another march.

"The Indians were lined up, in picturesque confusion, while an officer with a little book in his hand read out the names and waited for some sort of response. The names struck me particularly.

"Yellow Face, three squaws, two girls and one boy," called the orderly, loudly.

"Evidently there was no doubt in that family who should answer for the whole, for the reply was delivered in the unmistakable voice of a buck Indian.

"Here!" he said, gruffly. The man with the note-book passed on to the next.

"Fur Belly, two squaws, one girl and one boy," he said.

"Here!" came the reply. The speaker didn't seem to care whether he was deported or not, judging from his tone.

"Little White Mare," read the clerk, 'one girl and two boys.'

"I thought I noticed a touch of pride in the answer of the first man on the list who had two boys among his children.

"Big Mouth Organ," came next. He had three wives, and was correspondingly happy. He had also two girls and two boys, but it appears that the extra girl kept him from telling Little White Mare that one was just as good as another so far as the ownership of sons might be concerned.

"John Favel had two squaws and one apiece of children of each sex, and Sitting High had only one each of squaws and boys and girls. He piped out the answer in an apologetic voice. Then came Little Fellow.

"One boy, one brother," added the man with the roll. Little Fellow answered for them all.

"There was also Big Hump, Little Frenchman, King of Day, Little Fat, and Big Hole Bill. The officers ascertained that all their strangely-named progeny were well in hand, and set out for the north.—*Helen (Mont.) Independent.*

Intoxicated Wild Geese.

A farmer on the Fort Rice Reservation, about ten miles below Bismarck, N. D., on the Missouri River, according to a correspondent, has a liberal supply of wild geese, both dead and alive, as a result of an experiment upon which he had been pondering for some time, and which worked to his entire satisfaction and greatly to the disadvantage of the geese. The season for the flight of the great Canada geese from the South to their summer haunts in the North had begun, and thousands of the honkers

stopped at different places along the river en route. The sand-bars in the morning were black with the great flocks of geese, and they made short pilgrimages from the bars to the fields of the farmers adjacent to the river for feed. They remained several days in the locality, and furnished abundant amusement for sportsmen.

At the farm of the man in question there is a huge sand-bar projecting into the river, but so far from shore that no hunter can steal upon the geese which congregate there near enough to get a shot. Aware of their immunity, large flocks of the birds settle there every morning, in the proper season, sun themselves for several hours, and then migrate to the interior for food.

Having observed the movements of the geese for several days, the farmer resolved to accomplish by strategy what he could not accomplish by stealth, and every morning before the arrival of the birds he distributed about a peck of corn about the bar. Upon the return of the geese this would be speedily devoured, and the process was repeated every morning for several days, greatly to the satisfaction of the geese.

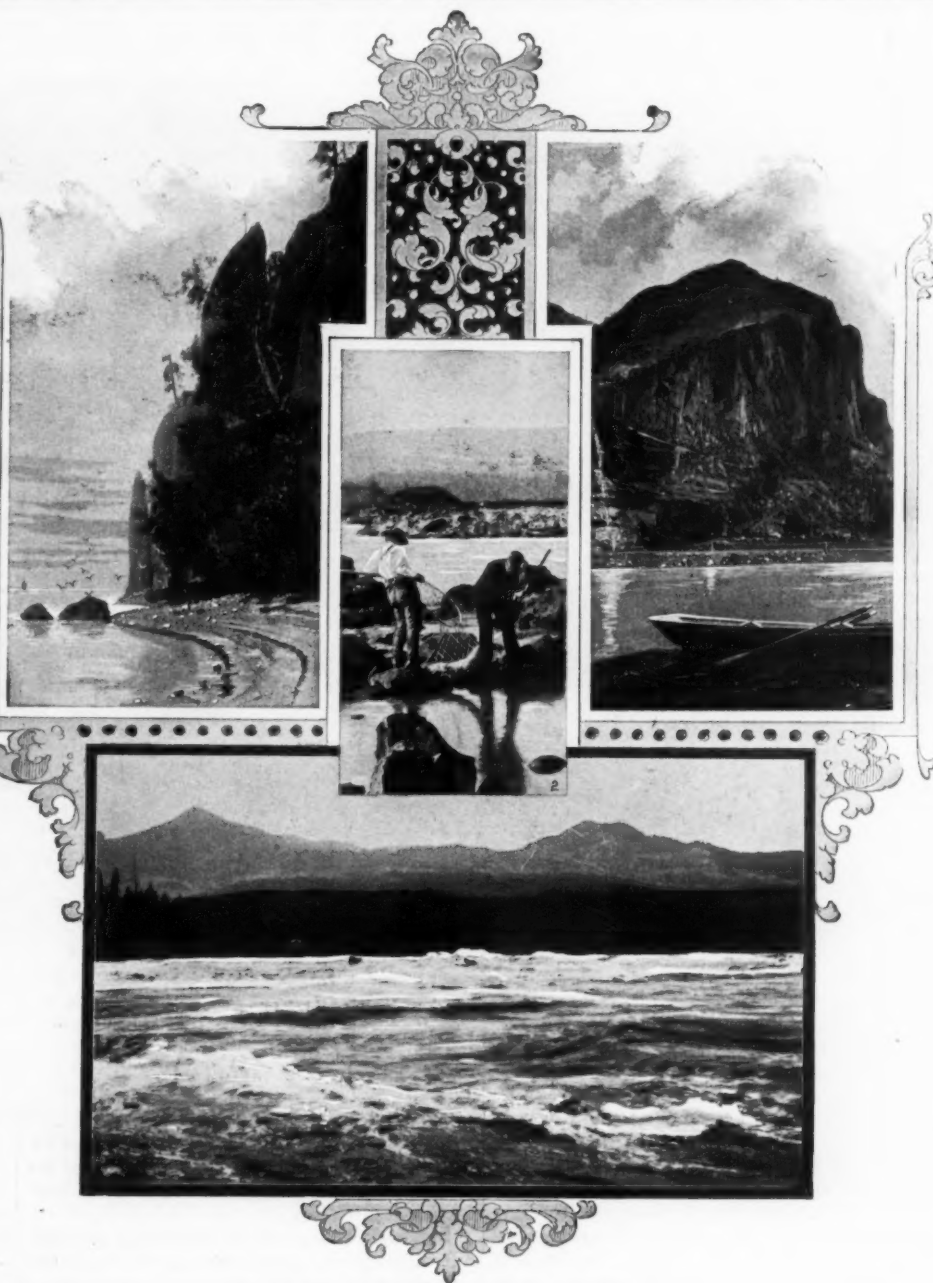
One Saturday night the farmer went to town and secured a quart of the best alcohol, which he said would be sufficient to saturate a peck of corn quite thoroughly. He placed the corn in the alcohol over night, so that it was thoroughly soaked, and in the morning, at the usual time, he spread it over the bar, concealed himself in the brush along the shore of the river, and awaited the coming of the geese.

They came as usual, and also, as usual, ate up the corn. Soon after there was a great disturbance manifest among the feathered denizens of the bar. The alcohol had a swift effect, and soon the bar was covered with sprawling, waddling, maudlin geese in all stages of intoxication. Those that had eaten more freely of the doctored corn were speedily affected, and in various ways. Some of them were immediately overpowered and lay helpless in the sand in a sort of a drunken stupor. Others attempted to fly, and were unable to do so, their wings refusing to perform their usual functions, and the only result of their efforts being an aimless flopping about the bar. Others staggered off like tipsy men, and finally succumbed to the influence of the liquor and lay down in the sun in a drunken sleep. A few were able to fly, and soared off for a few moments; but the alcohol was too much for them, and they were forced to circle back to the bar and settle again on the sand.

After waiting for the liquor to have effect, the farmer emerged from his hiding place and approached the drunken birds. They seemed to have lost their usual fear, and many of them were inspired with a remarkable pugnacity, flying at him and endeavoring to beat him with their wings. It was a laughable sight; the geese did not realize their danger, but were inspired with all the drunken courage of men in the same situation. The farmer knocked over a number of them with a club, and captured alive as many as were totally stupefied with the liquor.

He Couldn't Buy Her.

A Midland lady took a trip to Orillia one day last week, and on her return witnessed a proposal of marriage in a 'bus and on the train.



ON THE COLUMBIA RIVER, IN OREGON.

1. Cape Horn of the Columbia. 2. Salmon fishing on the river. 3. The Columbia River Pallsades. 4. Cascades of the Columbia.

In the 'bus was an attractive young lady and a toll-strong young man. After an admiring look at the young lady, the man said to her:

"I am just back from Rat Portage, with over \$20,000 in my pocket. Will you marry me?"

The passengers grinned, and the young lady replied that she didn't care how much he was worth, she wouldn't marry him.

The man continued his admiring glances, and when she boarded the train he coolly sat down beside the young lady and again urged her to marry him, using his wealth from Rat Portage as the strongest inducement. She again refused him, and turned her back on him. All the way to Waubesa, where the young lady resides, the man carried on his campaign, and he only left her in order to continue his journey to Midland.—*Midland (Ont.) Free Press.*

A Ridiculous Bear Hunt.

Those bear hunters came back from the chase yesterday empty handed. The evidences that bear exist up in the town of Louisville are plentiful. One was recently seen, and the children are afraid to go to school for fear of

him. The party consisted of Gus Schmidt, C. C. Hoch, Nat Campbell, Dr. Dunlop and Ernest Rolsch, and they went loaded for bear or anything else in the way of big game.

Beside the usual guns and ammunition, Nat Campbell had a paper sack which Mike Kirsch had given him and which he carried in his bosom for fear it would spill. It was supposed to be Spanish sulphur, with which to smoke out the animal if it got into its den. Mike got it over at Fred Rauch's, and it was a first-class article of mustard. About four o'clock in the afternoon the party saw their meat ambling across a pasture, and all got out and gave chase. Bruin headed straight for a haystack near a farmer's house, and they knew that they as good as had him treed. Nat Campbell outran the other members of the party and was a close second to the animal in rounding a haystack. Then he was surprised to see the bear run up to a cow, and begin to suck! When the others caught up to him, he was trying to explain to old man Laliberte why he had been chasing his Polled Angus calf all over the pasture. And the band played the Marseillaise.—*Crookston Times.*



A HEATHEN CHINEE.

By E. Barnard Foote.

His name was Ah Joy, and, though not an Apollo, even according to Mongolian standards, he was still sufficiently above normal ugliness to rob the epithet "A Thing of Beauty"—by which the humorous boarder was wont to characterize him—of any extreme facetiousness. He was a stalwart fellow, more cleanly and wholesome to look at than the majority even of his cleanly race, while his fastidiousness in the matter of raiment, and the culinary accomplishments he had acquired under the eye—and the cudgel—of a French *chef*, in a great house in "Elisco," made him much of a dandy and a social lion among his countrymen.

Twenty years on the Pacific Coast, as laundry boy, house servant, second cook, and finally as chief factor of great kitchens in hotels, mills, and mining-camps, had not failed to instill into the supposed impenetrable nature of this disciple of Confucius many acquired characteristics; so that, with all his Orientalism of cat-like presence and deferential speech, the mistress of the house which owned his services generally found herself no less a cipher under his regime than under that of the most aggressive female tyranny, or the pretensions of the most autocratic Frenchman.

"No ole nady, she no boss me," was the frank avowal Ah Joy sometimes made to his admiring brethren, and his reputation amply supported the assertion.

Also, his shrewd appreciation of the value of his skilled services to the masculine element of a pioneer and largely celibate population, had given him somewhat of a jaunty dignity, foreign to his cringing race, and it was gener-

ally conceded among the cowboys, miners, and other playful human animals who at one time or another had taken their daily rations at his hands, that "Ah Joy wouldn't stand no foolishness."

But, alas! this really accomplished and useful member of society had, to the full, the passion of his race for games of chance, which weakness often brought him to the condition of impecuniosity and destitution which is eloquently characterized by his compeers as "bloke;" during which periods of depression his silk blouses, his patronizing manner, and his social vogue—oftentimes Ah Joy himself—went out of sight of men together; for of all forlorn creatures, a "bloke" Chinaman bears the palm.

Behold him, then, emerging from one of these periodical eclipses, under the genial influence of good wages and untrammelled liberty at the hands of a cowed and dependent mistress, in the kitchen of a large factory boarding-house, near a "booming" country town; his silk frocks in the ascendant, his amiable insolence and his afternoon siestas at the "China-house" augmenting daily.

"Mis' Johnson, she no sabe cook, no sabe keep house; all time sew, tend blaby; me boss; she no talkee me;" was the way his boastful harangues to his "cousins" would have run, if the poor, little, browbeaten mistress could have translated what was freely said in her presence by her astute slave.

His tyranny went on increasing, likewise the number of Mongolian hangers-on about the kitchen, with a mysterious augmentation in

the butcher's and grocer's bills, until things were ripe for a revolution. And it came.

The family of the mill-owner had lately come to make their home in the new town where their fortune was invested—their residence almost touching elbows with the great barrack where Ah Joy swayed his scepter over a score of hungry men and one terrorized woman; and one day, the feeble Johnson dynasty having abdicated the shadow of its usurped authority in despair, the reins of government were resolutely taken up by Miss Nellie, only daughter, aged twenty, and Ah Joy prepared himself at once to resist any indication of pressure on the bit.

"Me and Nell's goin' to run this ranch after today, so you fellows better sandpaper your manners," announced the sixteen-year-old Guy in the dignity of dining-room steward, that evening, which information struck bedlam to silence for the space of a minute and a half, and even caused the facetious boarder to refrain from thrusting out a foot for Master Guy to stumble over, as he made his exit with a tray of empty plates.

Miss Nellie was the flower of generations of excellent housekeepers, with the culture of Boston cooking-schools wrought to high perfection; and the prospect of a wider field of experience than the home establishment afforded was a joyful inspiration to her virgin mind, as offering relief from the somewhat crude amenities of society in a frontier town. Added to this was a thrifty desire to help the family, in the straightened circumstances incident to the recent opening of a large business,

and she lent all possible facilities to the exodus of the Johnson family on the morning of their going away.

Then there was an afternoon of inspection of the premises, by the young lady and her still youthful and energetic mamma, in coquettish caps and stout blue aprons; there was lifting up of hands and voices over vermin and "shiftlessness;" there were inventories of supplies, and numerous orders and plans for improvement, in all of which Ah Joy—except for an occasional question or kindly word—was quite ignored. But the tactful heathen, biding his time to subdue these superior beings, was all deference and meekness, and quite surpassed himself in his efforts to impress them.

On the morrow came Miss Nellie, in working dress, accompanied by old Lucy, the faithful squaw who did the family washing, and whose husband—a second spouse, young, profligate, and inclined to beat his elderly "Kloochman"—and gamble with her earnings—was laboriously sawing wood at the door, intent on getting the remains of the morning meal for the least possible exertion, as was his wont.

"Give Lucy some breakfast, too, Joy," said Nellie, and as Joy, who was supposed to saw his own wood, had divided the leavings of the breakfast table into two portions, so as to drive the usual hard bargain with his hireling, he obeyed this order, rather reluctantly, by setting one pan of the clammy biscuits, bones and flapjacks before the despised Indian woman, not forgetting to add the egg-shells and coffee-grounds with which he always topped off the messes for Joe's epicurean palate.

Nellie, returning to the kitchen a moment later, silently beckoned her brother to see a ludicrous, pathetic sight, then, with a stamp of her foot, said:

"Joy, give Lucy a good slice of ham and a cup of coffee, and let Joe eat up that stuff. You rascal!" she added, as he obeyed—with a humorous twinkle in his slant optics,—adding even the gratuity of a clean plate and an entirely superfluous and unappreciated napkin.

"What do you think, mamma," said Miss Nellie, afterward; "that poor thing was actually saying grace, solemnly, over that pan of slops, and Joy was laughing at her out of the corners of his eyes."

For two days the renovation of the chambers and living-rooms of the boarding-house progressed without hindrance, but by the end of that time Ah Joy's policy of self-assertion could be repressed no longer. He filled the boiler with cold water, just when hot water was needed; he emptied a panful of paste down the sink, and when a tea-kettle of water was set on the range to make more, he slyly set it to one side before it boiled. This air of innocence deceived his victim for a time, but when she caught him using up the third kettle of water to scald his chickens for dinner, her face turned a very unbecoming red, as she said, with awful emphasis:

"Set that kettle back on the fire, and if you do this just once more, I shall send for papa."

This implied a "licking," provided for in the courts by a five-dollar fine, a little matter sometimes settled in advance by an exasperated householder.

"I forgot, Mis' G'eason," said Joy, placidly; but his first battle was lost.

The affairs of the boarding-house took on presently a systematic air. There was cleanliness, and even daintiness, in every corner; flowers on the table, and dainty desserts. There was femininity in the atmosphere, which stimulated Joy to his best exploits, and held the boisterous men somewhat in check—though they seldom saw it in material form. There

was always a possibility that Miss Nellie might be in the kitchen at meal hours, and profanity and horse-play disappeared, as under penalty. Even Ah Joy experienced immunity from practical jokes and impositions, under the new regime, without the effort of maintaining his dignity by violence.

The kitchen loungers had been summarily evicted by Joy himself, after his first encounter with the new government, as his instinct warned him that an attempt to retain his "cousins" would only entail one more defeat.

"You skip," he commanded them, when he heard the footsteps of his mistress one day; "she no stand Chinamen;" and they "skipped," and came back no more.

One mystery puzzled Ah Joy for three days, namely, the clearing out and renovating of a small store-room adjacent to the kitchen; but he understood it, at length, when Miss Nellie called him to inspect the newly-papered walls, the spring cot, and the wooden rocker in his new cell. "There's a stand for the lamp and the alarm-clock," she said, "and here's a looking-glass to dress your hair by, and you mustn't spread your mattress in the kitchen any more, because it isn't nice."

"Heap nice loom," said Joy, surveying his new quarters, without the faintest intention of ever using them. But Guy—who slept at the boarding-house—had had his instructions, and the nest which Ah Joy prepared for himself beside the range that night was by him unwillingly transferred, at Guy's suggestion, to his new bedroom; and it remained there, a monument to his second overthrow.

Yet, withal, so new to this hitherto despotic heathen was the sensation of being thwarted, ignored and crushed under feminine sway, that he found himself wondering whether, after all, he did not rather enjoy it. He felt a pride in the new aspect of things about the boarding-house; in the systematic management, of which he felt himself an important part, and he added new recipes daily to his manuscript cook-book, for the glorified compounds turned out by him under the directions of his new mistress.

"Miss Nell, she heap sabe; all same Flench cook," he said to Guy, one day; and he got half a dollar from that shrewd young woman, ostensibly for doing up her pink organdy, as a favor, but in reality for the graceful surrender implied in his remark.

One more fetter was forged about the Oriental neck, on the first monthly pay-day, when he accepted one-half the sum due him, the remaining twenty dollars being payable upon five days' notice to quit, "so you won't jump your job," as Miss Nellie explained to him. The previous gift of a bunch of cigarettes and a little assistance about serving the dinner, had left him helpless to resist this fresh tyranny until it was too late, though he presently recognized and admired the strategy.

Now was Ah Joy's subjugation well-nigh complete; so near, in fact, that he might be seen conspicuously to hug his chains.

"Who wrote my name on this package of sugar?" asked Miss Nellie, one day, when inspecting the supplies Ah Joy had brought from the grocery.

"I lote it," said Joy, with conscious pride; and, taking up a pencil, he duplicated his performance airily, spelling aloud, as he wrote, "M-i-s-s H-e-l-e-n G-l-e-a-s-o-n."

"Where did you learn to do that?" inquired the astonished young lady, and Ah Joy took from his pocket a worn envelope which he had purloined, and which had served him as a copy. Inquiry developed the fact that this was the only English he could write. Afterward it was the brand stamped upon every package of his purchasing for the house.

The last vestige of his old identity disappeared one evening when, in a sudden burst of rage at the facetious boarder for a mysterious splash of hot water on his back, Ah Joy seized his revolver from its safe hiding-place behind the tea-chest, and aimed it at the back of the innocent offender as he was vanishing, pitcher in hand, through the door. A feminine scream rent the air, and the revolver was snatched from the Chinaman's hand, before he could pull the trigger, and locked in a linen drawer by Miss Nellie's energetic hands within the instant.

"You savage!" she cried. "What would you do, right here in my kitchen? It was only an accident. I saw it all."

"Keep your shirt on, Joy," placidly counseled the rescued one, from the doorway. "I never knew that water hit you," and he went whistling up the stairs.

"You don't lay hands on that revolver for a year," said Miss Nellie, dramatically.

She kept her word, and Ah Joy was from that day disarmed and helpless,—and, moreover, groveling at her feet. He gave her curios, Chinese handkerchiefs, perfumes, and costly, unpalatable teas. He ironed her muslins, in his afternoon hours, and sometimes his celestial spirit burned with the desire to do something "all same Melican-man" to win her commendation.

His opportunity came at dusk, one evening, when she was arranging the table for breakfast, and the house was empty of boarders, as usual, for an hour after supper. In at the front door suddenly staggered a burly and intoxicated ruffian who had recently been discharged from the factory for his intemperate habits.

"H'loo! Miss Nell," he leered, as he lurched toward her. "Come to my yarms, Nellie, darling!" But there was a terrified cry before he reached her, which brought Ah Joy—white as a Melican man now—upon the intruder at a bound. Catching up his heavy meat-cleaver as he came, he dealt the invader a blow which, though partially parried by his uplifted arm, laid him sprawling upon the floor, whence he was promptly dragged away to jail.

Ah Joy had a great scratch on his wrist from a ring on the ruffian's finger, and Miss Nellie covered it with court-plaster, saying, as she did so, "You are heap good boy, Joy (he was only a dozen years her senior), and if there is any fun going at China New Years, you shall see it all if I have to hire three scrub Chinamen to do your work."

For one night of his life, this child of nature was intoxicated with a more ecstatic joy than ever the seductive pipe had pictured to his fairest dreams.

Yet he was only a heathen, and perhaps he had no soul, or at least only a darkened glimmer of the celestial spark. Howbeit, he served his kindly goddess well and faithfully in his day, being ever a little jealous of her preference for old Lucy's work, even in matters outside his line. And when, after something more than a year, Miss Nellie went away in a private car, the bride of a great railroad magnate from the far East, Ah Joy gave her, at his own cost, the largest and richest cake that graced the bridal feast. After she was gone, he laid his head on his kitchen table, after the childish fashion of heartsick Chinamen everywhere, and wept disconsolately and long; then promptly "jumped his job" and gambled away, in three days, the savings of a year.

"Joy has gone to the bow-wows, I guess," wrote Guy to his sister a week later. "He and half a dozen other Chinamen got pulled in an opium den this morning, and he was about the sickest looking rooster in the lot!"



The Climate Preserved It.

Levi Johnson, of Nicholson, put in a few of the pleasant days of March in threshing out some flax which he raised in 1896 and which he supposed to be absolutely worthless, having stood through the terrible winter of '96-'97. He was surprised to receive about 400 bushels of flax, which sold at the elevator for seventy-five cents a bushel, which is equivalent to finding a pretty good-sized Klondike nugget.—*Oakes (N. D.) Republican.*

Where Sulphur Abounds.

Referring to the scarcity of sulphur in this country these war times, when it is needed so much in the manufacture of powder, we should think the General Government would turn its attention to the extensive sulphur deposits in the Yellowstone National Park. There are not only large boiling springs thoroughly charged with sulphur, but vast deposits of almost pure brimstone on Sulphur Mountain, which could be inexpensively mined and refined on the ground and then be transported in wagons to the railroad station at Cinnabar. No doubt but private parties would now be working the sulphur deposits in the Park if the General Government would permit such operations within the boundaries of this Wonderland reserve.—*Bozeman (Mont.) Avant Courier.*

A Famous Furniture Car.

The handsome furniture car made by the Northern Pacific Railway Company at its shop in South Tacoma, Wash., will soon go forward and be placed on exhibition in Omaha. It is a fine advertisement of Coast lumber. It is forty-two feet in length, with a capacity of 70,000 pounds. It is finished in oil. The car is built of fir, cedar, and spruce, with a little oak used in door-frames.

The car has the sacred number "9999," and the great Hoo Hoo rampant, on both sides. The car is lettered in gold:

"Built by the Northern Pacific Railway, Tacoma, Wash., for the lumbermen of Washington."

H. H. Warner, master mechanic of the carshops, has taken great pride in the car, and it is certainly a credit to him and the company.—*Tacoma Lumberman.*

Mining Enterprise.

The biggest mining deal ever consummated in the Northwest was settled in Spokane last month, when the final papers were signed transferring Le Roi mine at Rossland, B. C., to the British America Corporation for \$3,000,000, says the Spokane (Wash.) *Spokesman-Review*. The terms of the sale were \$500,000 cash down and an equal payment monthly until paid.

The sale of the Le Roi mine will scatter a large amount of London capital among Spokane people. Fully four-fifths of the stock of the company is held by residents of that city. An inspection of the share list will show that fully four-fifths of the purchase price of the mine, or \$2,400,000, will find its way into the hands of residents of Spokane; and in considering the benefits that Spokane has derived from Ross-

land's biggest mine, the dividends paid in the past must also be considered. The mine has paid twenty-three dividends, footing the handsome total of \$825,000.

Development Work in Ontario.

The Winnipeg (Man.) *Commercial* says there are over 100 steamers on the Lake of the Woods. Forty-five of them go up and down the Rainy River, and some fifteen or sixteen ply on Rainy Lake, above the proposed locks at Fort Frances. The contemplated improvements would open up continuous navigation through a chain of lakes with 2,000 miles of coast line. The new town of Mine Centre, situated on the Seine River, about forty-five miles east of Fort Frances, has a population of about 600. An appropriation was made last session to build the lock at Fort Frances, but the work has not been done yet. The construction of this work would be of great value to all the region tributary thereto.

Wisconsin's Industrial Greatness.

That the paper and pulp industry belongs in the category of Wisconsin's great industries is well demonstrated by facts. The business of paper-making has developed from an insignificant beginning twenty-five years ago till it now represents a total investment of nearly \$20,000,000. The daily capacity of the paper and pulp-mills in the State is reported to be 2,507,000 pounds. The value of Wisconsin's paper product for the year of 1895 was \$6,249,651, according to the State census. The importance of the industry is well stated by Wisconsin's standing among other States engaged in paper-making. Of the thirty-four States thus distinguished, Wisconsin is third, being outclassed only by New York and Maine.

The uniformly good showing made by the people of Wisconsin in the various industries to which they turn their attention is particularly gratifying, as it indicates that the State has an exceedingly promising industrial future. The people of Wisconsin are quick to develop an industry when there is any adaptability for it either in the climate, the natural resources of the State or the skill of her inhabitants. The more recent history of the State offers numerous examples of the progressive character of its people. They are more than holding their own with the other States of the Union, a fact which is likely to be signally demonstrated during the next few years. The trend of this country's present development is in the line of manufactures, as is shown by the remarkable increase of our exports to foreign countries during the last two years. It is evident that Wisconsin is contributing her share in this industrial movement.—*Milwaukee Sentinel.*

Money-Making Goats.

A. Hathaway, of the Big Elk Country in Lincoln County, Ore., is of the opinion that it pays to raise goats. He has 101 goats on his place, and tells the Portland *Oregonian* that they will eat brush, briars, salal, elder, willow—in fact, they eagerly search for and devour just what the farmer desires to get rid of, entirely ignoring grass, which they seldom touch. They multiply very rapidly, the female dropping annually from one to two kids. Each kid, as soon as it can walk and partake of nourishment, is worth \$3. Yearlings will turn out fleeces weighing two to three pounds each, and nannies from four to five and one-half pounds each. They are much less trouble and more profitable than sheep, requiring little or no attention; and, if proper sheds are provided, they will return from their feeding-grounds as regularly as clock-work every evening. He paid \$3 a head for his first lot of goats, which cost was more

than returned the first year, as a large number of the nannies dropped two kids each. By the exercise of a little care and attention during the time he has been engaged in the industry, he has lost but one or two kids. The fleece or hair sheared from the goat is always in demand at a fair price.

North Dakota's Broad Resources.

The Lisbon (N. D.) *Free Press* expresses the opinion that "the time has come when the Red River Valley no longer represents all that is good of North Dakota soil. Outlying counties can far excel it in resources. The Red River Valley has but one successful possibility—and that is wheat-raising. Interior counties represent all the varied industries of agriculture, together with its immense stock and creamery business. It is not just to the State of North Dakota to continually use the Red River Valley as a handle for everything—there are other sections of valuable territory in North Dakota outside the Red River Valley."

While the Red River Valley is rich and productive beyond the shadow of a doubt, it is very true, as the *Free Press* says, that the State possesses many other agricultural sections that are not a bit inferior in general productiveness. The valley is certainly a great wheat-producing territory, and its fame is well founded; but there are thousands of farmers in other portions of North Dakota whose wealth and prosperity show that the State's vast agricultural resources are not confined to the Red River Valley.

Some Splendid Averages.

The final official report of the United States crops for 1897, recently issued, shows a total production of wheat of 530,149,168 bushels, at an average value of 80.8 cents per bushel; corn, 1,902,967,933 bushels, average 26.3 cents per bushel; oats, 698,767,809 bushels, average price, 21.2 cents; potatoes, 164,015,964 bushels, average price, 54.7. The report of the Department of Agriculture is a widespread tribute to the fertility of Washington soil. The average yield of wheat per acre for the United States in 1897 was 13.4 bushels, and for ten years, 12.7 bushels. Washington's average for last year was 23.5 bushels, and she is credited for ten years with an average of 17.7 bushels, but it is an indisputable fact that last year, for the first time, the reports for this State were approximately correct, the crop having been minimized in previous years, as shown by statistics of exports and local milling. The average yield of oats last year was 27.2 bushels per acre, and Washington is credited with an average of 48 bushels, the State giving a yield of 13 bushels more per acre than any other in the Union. Potatoes show an average yield of 64.7 bushels per acre, but Washington produces 162 bushels on the average, again heading all the States.—*Tacoma (Wash.) West Coast Trade.*

A Big Deal in Elevators.

The Pacific Coast Elevator Company's entire system of warehouses and elevators in Oregon, Washington and Idaho has passed out of the control of F. H. Peavy & Company, of Minneapolis, and is now owned by Theodore B. Wilcox, William M. and Charles E. Ladd, who are also owners of the Portland Flouring Mills Company's extensive plant of flour mills, located in various parts of the country. The consideration was private, but it is understood to be about \$1,000,000.

Included in the plant is the immense elevator dock at Albina, Ore. This structure is over 1,300 feet long, and has a capacity for 500,000 bushels of wheat. In the interior there are over seventy warehouses and elevators, there being two and three structures at some of the

principal points. The greater part of the system is on the lines of the O. R. & N., warehouses or elevators owned by the elevator company being located at many different points.

The system, including the big docks at Portland, has a storage capacity of 3,500,000 bushels of wheat. The Portland Flouring Mills Company, previous to the purchase of this system, was pretty well equipped for storing and handling wheat and flour. It owns mills and warehouses at several points in the Northwest, having a storage capacity of about 1,500,000 bushels, so that, with its latest purchase, it can in an emergency take care of 5,000,000 bushels of wheat, or about one-fourth of an average crop for the Pacific Northwest.

Washington's Fair Outlook.

If the signs come true, Washington should move up three places in the line of great wheat States this year. In 1897 Washington was eleventh in rank in the amount of wheat produced. The end of 1898 may find Washington in eighth

reports of crop failures in other places stimulated the Inland Empire farmers to plant an unusually large acreage this spring.

Along the lines of the Oregon Railway & Navigation Company the increase of the total acreage is reckoned at fifteen per cent. In the country tributary to the Northern Pacific the grain is probably about the same. In the district tapped by the Central Washington, large amounts of new land have been broken up and the increase may be greater. Take Washington as a whole, and a gain of fifteen per cent may be safely estimated.

Better still, all the reports that come to Spokane are favorable for a heavy yield. In the Palouse and Walla Walla District the report is the same—full and healthy grain-fields, not growing rankly, but strong and vigorous, promising a heavy yield of the best grades of grain. In the Big Bend Country, the Government statistical agent estimates that 200,000 bushels of last year's grain is still in the hands of the farmers. The increase in acreage is noted on every

Live stock is being bought down close throughout the entire Northwest, and here would seem to be a chance to profitably distribute eggs in separate baskets. Buyers are paying from three to four and one-fourth cents a pound for cattle and mutton sheep on foot, and in one instance last week as high as seven and one-fourth cents was paid for an unusually fine lot of cattle in Klamath County.

The mild weather of the last six weeks has brought joy to the hearts of the sheep-raisers, as the lambing season is now nearly over, and because of the favorable conditions the losses have been merely nominal.

In all of the hopgrowing sections the yards—those that were worked, as well as those that were abandoned—are being cleaned up and put into shape for this year's crop. Not so many contracts are being made as were put upon the records at a similar time last year; but where hops are being contracted for it is an average advance of about two and one-half cents over last year's prices, this year the rule being ten



A GLIMPSE OF THE GREAT SHIPPING INDUSTRY AT TACOMA, WASH.—VESSELS TAKING ON CARGOES OF WHEAT FOR POINTS IN THE ORIENT.

place—a long climb toward the top of the list.

Last year, by the Government estimate, this State produced 20,124,648 bushels of wheat. For 1898, by the best calculation, there has been an increase in acreage of fifteen to twenty per cent. On this basis Washington should produce 23,000,000 to 24,000,000 bushels this year, carrying this State ahead of South Dakota's 21,400,000, and perhaps ahead of Michigan's 23,700,000. In California 32,675,000 bushels were raised last year; but this year the drought and hot winds have already ruined a large percentage of the crop. Taking all these facts in consideration, Washington has fine chances of landing in the eighth place.

All accounts agree that the amount of fall wheat to be harvested in Eastern Washington will be smaller than it was a year ago, but that the spring wheat will show a remarkable increase in acreage. The theorists explain this by saying that farmers had little confidence in continued high prices last fall, and so did not plant so much grain; but the steady prices through the winter, the coming war and the

side, and the grain is growing nicely, with every reason to expect one of the best crops ever harvested in that famous district.—*Spokane (Wash.) Chronicle*.

A Cheering Prospect.

Cheered by the hopeful outlook in all directions, everybody in the Northwest is beginning spring work in a frame of mind that counts upon still better times. More land than is usual will be brought under cultivation. Especially is this the case in Oregon and Washington with reference to the acres planted to vegetables—particularly onions and potatoes—because of the increased demand made by the Klondike trade. This acreage might with safety be still further increased by the farmer, who is doing his spring plowing with the expectation of sowing to wheat. While the price of wheat still keeps up, the best agricultural journals agree that in all parts of the world farmers are increasing their wheat-bearing acreage, and with favorable weather conditions the world's crop this year will be a heavy one.

cents a pound, with an agreement for about forty per cent advance for picking-money.

The rush to the mines in the Far North has only resulted in increased activity in the mining districts in this State, and the improved machinery that was lately put in and that now going in should result in a very material increase in the output of gold in this State.

The agitation so usual at this time of the year among the Columbia River fishermen, as the close season draws to an end, is conspicuously absent, and there is a good chance that the fishing season will pass without unnecessary friction.

Nowhere is improvement more noticeable than in the logging-camps. Many new ones are starting up, and all of the old ones that have a "logging show" will be worked full force. Fir logs at from \$4 to \$4.50, and cedar at \$5.50 to \$6, mean good wages for the laborer and something in the pocket of the boss logger. Altogether, the agricultural and industrial outlook generally is remarkably hopeful.—*Portland Oregonian*.



A Big Boy.

A lady from the country, who recently had occasion to send to town for a suit of boy's clothes, received the following reply:

"DEAR MADAM:—Your favor received, but we regret to say that we have no clothes such as you want, and we doubt if they can be found west of a museum with a fat boy. Fifty-four inches around the chest, twenty-four around the neck, and sixty around the waist, is a little out of our line. Possibly you might squeeze the boy down a little, but this would hardly be advisable, for, as you say, he is only twelve, and the chances are that he would grow with all you might do. We should advise you to take the youth to some wholesale tailoring establishment. A boy with arms sixty-three inches long and legs just six feet to an inch, is a little beyond the capabilities of this establishment, though we study to please."

The lady has since learned that she used the wrong side of the tape measure.—*Bozeman (Mont.) Chronicle.*

A Hardened Cat.

Up the Sourdough, the other day, two boys built a boat. They applied the hot pitch to it at night, and let it dry. The family cat, which is of an investigating turn of mind, went out to examine the craft, and, ere she was aware of it, got into the soft, warm pitch, which balled up on her like soft snow on a mule's heel. She beat a hasty retreat through a pile of soft sand, and then sought the house roof to meditate and provide ways and means of relief. She was packing too much of a weight handicap. The longer she meditated the harder got the pitch and sand, and when she sorrowfully wended her way across the roof, the startled boys sleeping in the garret felt that something serious had happened.

Finally a flood of light struck the mind of one of the youths, and going to the head of the stairs, he yelled:

"Dad, git up! The old mare's colt is out. He's clum up on the roof and is swashin' 'round up yere like a hailstorm!"—*Bozeman (Mont.) Chronicle.*

Home-Bred Hens.

In an article on home-bred hens, the *Bozeman (Mont.) Chronicle* says:

"When the chickens are ready to remove from the nest, take them out of doors and let them breathe the pure, fresh, invigorating air. This expands their lungs and gives the breadth of chest so noticeable in all our hybrid fowls raised in this high altitude. (This sentence may appear involved to those not up in chicken lore, but it will be readily understood by those of us who have raised chickens and brooded over them like a father.)

Feed nothing during the first thirty-six hours, until their system can clear up. The plan of taking a young chicken and stuffing him full of whole wheat is the cause of more yellow jaundice, Bright's kidney disease and rickets than anything we know of. You can give the chick water to drink from the first. Some people do not. Indeed, they fail to give the chick water at all, and as a result he withers up and fades away.

The chick, at first, ought to be fed ground feed, and not from the bottle, as so many

erroneously believe. Mellen's Food is good, though some favor Horlick's Malted Milk. Peptonized pellets are all right, but it is difficult to wean the chick after he has become thoroughly educated to eat these patent foods."

Why They Avoided the Police.

"It isn't always safe to bet on a sure thing," was the sage observation made by George Thane, of the Lindeke, Warner & Schurmeier force, last night, after an exciting fifteen minutes.

Thane went into Getty's drug-store last evening, leaving his bicycle outside. M. V. Seymour, the attorney in the German-American Bank building, came in a little later and stood his wheel up beside Thane's. Neither gentleman was born with short legs, and the wheels were both high frames with handle-bars well upturned. Thane left first, but as he was in company with a friend, did not ride his wheel, but trundled it over to a near-by restaurant. As he anticipated having a lunch, Thane carefully locked it in front of the place, with a Yale lock, which the dealer, he said, had told him it was impossible to pick, and there was not another key to fit except the one he had.

Mr. Seymour, coming out of the drug-store, found instead of his Columbia a Crawford. Returning to the drug-store, he asked who had been in there, and was told that a *Globe* reporter had just gone out. In a minute Mr. Seymour was at *The Globe* office demanding the instant production of the man who had ridden his wheel off. Mr. Seymour was assured that the wheel would be returned as soon as the guilty reporter turned up with it, and went home serene. But not so with Thane.

When George got ready to go home he found a changeling. His own wheel had been unlocked, as he thought, and the lock replaced on another wheel. While he did not seriously regret that he had a Columbia in substitute for a Crawford, it did make him sore to have the inefficacy of this patent lock so exposed, and he was on the verge of tearing off to the police station on Seymour's wheel, when he discovered that his feet would not follow the pedals.

Thane was stormy. He vowed vengeance on the seller of the fake padlock, and police retribution to the man who changed the lock on his wheel, and Robert Street was blue when another *Globe* reporter happened along and found Thane telling his troubles to a friend.

From Mr. Seymour's description of his wheel, left at *The Globe* office, the bicycle was readily identified, and *The Globe* man said:

"I know where you got that wheel. You took it from in front of Getty's drug-store an hour ago, and it belongs to Seymour, the lawyer."

Thane was thunderstruck.

"Well, where is my wheel?" he asked, as all thought of visiting the police station vanished, for fear Mr. Seymour might have reported his loss there, as well as at *The Globe* office.

"Probably at Getty's."

But when the Royal Arcanum ruler went over to the drug-store, it had closed. Thane was afraid to ride Seymour's wheel, for fear the police would overhaul him, and meantime a half-dozen friends had learned of his escapade. The chances are that it will be many a day before the dashing credit man hears the last of his patent Yale-lock game.—*St. Paul Globe.*

He Knew What He Wanted.

The average young man, when he gets married, wishes to make himself as conspicuous as possible and give his friends the idea that he knows how to carry on the business of a household just as well as though he had never in his whole life done anything but buy provisions and goods of all kinds for a boarding-house.

A case of this kind has recently come up in

Pendleton. The young man in question had occasion to order some kind of a lubricant for a lawn-mower, so he called up Mr. White at Jones' farming-implement emporium, when the following conversation ensued over the telephone:

Newly married man—"Hello! Is that you, captain?"

Captain White—"Yes; what's wanted?"

Husband—"Send me up a gallon of axle-grease."

Captain White—"You mean a box of axle-grease, do you not?"

Husband—"Did I say a box, or a gallon? I said a gallon, and that's what I mean. My lawn-mower doesn't run as smoothly as I would wish; consequently, send up just what I ordered, and don't imagine that you are doing business with a lot of Baker City or Walla Walla firemen. I guess I know what I want—I haven't been married three weeks for nothing."

The order was thereupon promptly filled, and the delivery made by means of a dray.

The next trouble the newly married young man had was in ordering a few things from the meat market. He intended to take his wife and go with a few other couples for a picnic up the Umatilla River, and they purposed to take a lunch along with them; so he again tackled the telephone and rung up one of the most popular meat markets in town.

Young husband—"Send up three pounds of steak and four yards of bologna sausage to our house."

Butcher—"What kind of steak?"

Young husband—"Beefsteak, of course. Do you think I am standing in with Ed Switzler on his scheme to convert all the horses of Umatilla County into corned canned horse meat? Not by a long deal. You might catch some husbands, who are not onto themselves, with such a thing, but it doesn't go with me."

Butcher—"In regard to the sausage—we sell it by the pound generally."

Young husband—"I don't care a continental how you generally sell it. You are doing business with me, now, and I buy it by the yard. Pickled pigs' feet I buy by the foot, but bologna always by the yard! Can't you tell by my voice that I know what I am talking about? Fill the order and fill it quickly, or it is off between you and me."

The young husband then rang up a grocery store and ordered six gallons of coffee, half a bale of lettuce, eight pounds of fried onions, an eight-inch segment of cheese, and 800 oyster crackers.

The groceryman expostulated, but it had no effect upon the young husband. Turning to his wife he said:

"Now, then, if ever you have occasion to order anything from the stores, remember and tell them to duplicate my order."—*Pendleton East Oregonian.*

An Iowa Tale.

The following story is told on Louis Hammer, who, until recently, was in the retail business at Council Bluffs, Iowa. Like many great and prominent men, Mr. Hammer was a decidedly poor writer; in fact, he was such a poor writer that his manuscript was practically illegible. Fortunately, he used stationery with his name printed on its corner; so, when a letter was received that was practically Greek to the person receiving it, there was no attempt made at reading it. If it looked like an order, the house receiving it would wire one of its traveling men who was nearest to Council Bluffs that an order had been sent them by Hammer and for him to go and see what was wanted. At one time he was in a particular hurry for a bill of stuff, and sent it to C. Lamb

& Sons at Clinton, Iowa. He waited a week and had received no answer, when into his office walked the bookkeeper of the concern. Mr. Hammer opened on him and said:

"What is the matter with your house? I sent them an order about a week ago with instructions to rush it, and I have heard nothing."

"That is all right," returned the bookkeeper. "They are waiting for me to get back. I have been away on a vacation, and I am the only man in the State that can read your writing."

—Miss. Valley Lumberman, Minneapolis.

In the Hands of His Friends.

Among the many drummers traveling through this State, few are better known than T. H. Hebert, who represents a big Chicago shoe firm. He is a typical knight of the grip, always ready to play a joke, run a bluff, or join in a laugh at his own expense. He had a chance to do the last named act Sunday night.

He was stopping at the St. Elmo Hotel, and during the evening announced the intention of opening up his samples. Somebody warned him that the Sunday closing law would interfere with his operations. Thereupon he proceeded to denounce Populist legislation in general, and, shaking his fist at an imaginary foe, struck a Corbett attitude, put on a Fitzsimmons fighting smile, and exclaimed in a Sullivan tone of voice:

"I'd just like to see these Populists try to interfere with me; I wouldn't do a thing to them. See!"

Burke, the insurance man, was present, and, loving a good joke himself, he quietly put some of the local jokers onto the snap, and it was not long before a plan had been devised to give the doughty drummer an opportunity to make good his dire threats against the Populist who should dare to cross his path and thwart his plans.

At a late hour in the evening Mr. Hebert proceeded to carry out his plan of opening his trunks and displaying his samples. Burke was on hand. As soon as the work was well under way, he slipped down to the office and notified the crowd that the lamb was ready for the slaughter. No time was lost. Ivan Williamson, who has served several years as a policeman and is well versed in the methods of the finest, had been armed with a big star and cane and was all ready to play his part in the comedy.

Hebert was busily at work diving into his trunks, arranging his samples, whistling merrily to himself and thinking of the good time he would have when he got back to Chicago. His pleasant meditations were suddenly interrupted by a stern voice demanding:

"Are these your samples?"

The drummer looked up with a beaming smile, scenting a possible customer, only to see before him a burly figure, a glittering star, a big cane and a grim face. Several witnesses who had strolled up to see a demonstration of what Hebert meant by saying he "wouldn't do a thing to these Populists," assert that he fulfilled the threat to the letter, and didn't do a thing but sink down on the nearest trunk and gasp, "Yes, sir."

"You are displaying them for the purpose of making sales?" came the stern demand, and "Yes, sir," was again the faint answer.

"Then I must arrest you."

"But, please, sir, I am not making sales, but just getting out the samples," groaned Hebert, as the big beads of perspiration appeared on his noble brow and trickled down his Roman nose.

"That you will have to prove in court. My duty is to arrest you. We don't allow our local merchants to open on Sunday, and we certainly will not allow traveling men to do it. Come along!"

"But can't I give bonds? How much do you require," queried the bold drummer, assuming an expression which vividly recalled the look of agony on Corbett's face, after receiving the knock-out blow.

"I am not supposed to fix the bond, but as it is Sunday, and I don't care to lock you up, I will accept \$100 until Monday."

"All right. Send for Mr. Boone. He will go security for me," responded Hebert, in a stronger voice, mopping his face as the dread of a night in the calaboose gradually faded away.

At this point Landlord Clinton appeared on the scene, and earnestly beseeched the marshal to reduce the bond.

"Well, Clinton says you are all right, and we don't want to disturb Boone's slumbers, so I will accept \$50."

"But I haven't got that much," pleaded Hebert, counting over a roll of bills, "here's only \$45."

"I'll put up the other five," suggested Clinton, "and you can put the money in the safe. I'll be responsible for it. Is that satisfactory to you, Mr. Marshal?"

By this time a large crowd had collected, and one shouted, "Say, Hebert, did you vote for Bryan?"

"What business is it of yours who I voted for?" snapped the disgusted drummer.

"Well, if you didn't, you'll get six months in the county jail. If you did, we populists will let you off with a treat all 'round."

For a moment, Hebert looked dazed; then an expansive smile spread over his classic features, and he exclaimed:

"You didn't do a thing to me, did you? Come on, boys!"—*Palouse (Wash.) Republic.*

The Sheriff and the Bicycle.

Nearly every one around town rides a bicycle, and the other night Sheriff Devenish concluded he would also break in one and accompany the boys in their evening pilgrimages up and down the public highways. He procured a wheel, the Davenport (Wash.) Times says, and hid himself away to a secluded spot to have a little practice by himself before joining the "scorchers." He had heard about the pranks of a wheel before it became thoroughly subdued, hence was cautious; and instead of starting it down the hill where it might have an opportunity to throw him and get away, he started it up the incline. He had difficulty in getting into the saddle, like most beginners, but more difficulty in remaining in it after he got there. When he would get nicely seated, the thing would stop and lie down with him.

At last he got it under headway; but it suddenly and unexpectedly gave him the slip, and he took a header at full length in the dust. The sheriff is a big man and is not used to being tossed around so easily, and it was with a show of some impatience that he gathered himself up and proceeded to try it over again. He made another vigorous start, but it played him the same trick, only this time when he landed he carried with him the handle-bars, which he had twisted off in his efforts to hold it down. Both appeared a trifle dilapidated at the end of the per-

formance, but as the sheriff strode along home with the wheels in one hand and the handle-bars in the other, it was with the strut of a man who had succeeded in holding his own.

He was Not Her "Dear."

There is one amusing feature about wheel-riding that all old riders—and a good many new ones—must have noticed, and that is the way in which a moderately proficient rider will carry on a conversation with some one behind him without really knowing who that some one may be. A moderately proficient rider isn't clever enough to turn his head to look backward, and so he talks right on in the dark, as it were.

The other day a wheelman was coming up the Dodge Street hill. There isn't much of a hill on Dodge Street, but, slight as it is, it bothers the new riders. Just ahead of the wheelman in question, who was riding at a leisurely rate, was a stout lady, mounted on a new bike. Half-way up the incline the wheelman was astonished to hear her call out:

"Coming, dear?"

The wheelman didn't answer. He felt sure the inquiry couldn't be addressed to him, and he kept silence.

"All out of breath, dear?" she called again.

And again the wheelman made no reply.

"Don't be discouraged," she cheerfully shouted. "You'll get there by and by, dearest."

The wheelman thought so, too, but he made no mention of the fact.

"Does it tire oor 'ittle armies so muchee?" continued the stout lady.

That was too muchee for the wheelman. He put on steam and passed the lady. As he whirled by she caught sight of his smiling countenance.

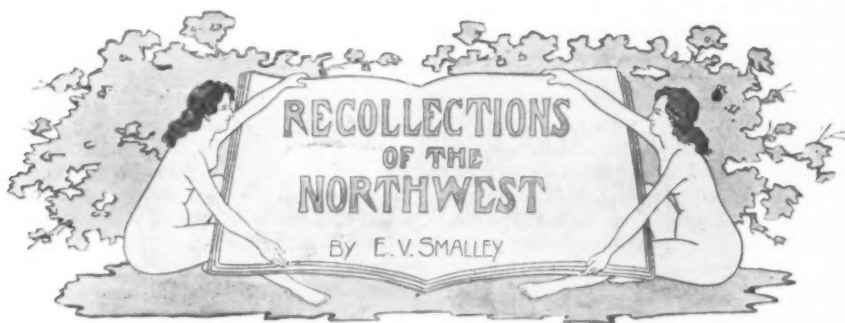
"Oh, I beg your pardon!" she cried, and narrowly averted a tumble.

When the wheelman had gone a little further he looked back over his shoulder and saw a lank young fellow, with fuzzy little side-whiskers, toiling wearily up the hill.

And he feels pretty sure that he was "dearest."—*Tacoma (Wash.) Ledger.*



WESTERN HUMOR PAR EXCELLENCE.



CHAPTER I.

I first saw St. Paul in the spring of 1882. I had been engaged in New York by the president of the Northern Pacific Railroad, Henry Villard, to write a history of that enterprise, which was to include a description of the country traversed by the road and an account of the construction work. The line had been completed as far west as Miles City, and had been built eastward from the Pacific Coast to a point on Lake Pend d'Oreille in Northern Idaho. I was to get over the gap of about a thousand miles between the two ends of track as best I could, return to New York, look up in New England the first projectors of the company, write a large volume and get it in print by the summer of the following year, when it was expected that the road would be completed and opened for travel. Mr. Villard desired to have the book ready to present to each of the guests whom he might invite to go on the opening excursion. There was no time to linger, and I only stayed in St. Paul three days.

The young city struck me rather oddly. In its center it looked like an old Mississippi River town, and upon this solid nucleus there appeared to be stuck a number of raw western villages of little pine houses. A great deal of building was going on, and everybody was talking of the money made in real estate speculation. The great boom, which in the following years absorbed the thought and energies of the place, had just commenced. I was invited to dine with F. A. Carle, who was then the managing editor of the *Pioneer Press*, and went up the hill, to hunt for his house on Nina Avenue, in a bob-tailed one-horse car which took about half an hour to get to the top of the acclivity. An extra horse was hitched on when we came to the hill proper. There was no conductor, and the passengers trod on each other's toes to get to the fare box at the driver's end of the car. Mr. Carle knew a great deal about Minnesota and was an agreeable talker, so that the evening passed very pleasantly. The next evening I was a guest at dinner at the house of Maj. G. Q. White, on Western Avenue. The major was one of the most genial men I have ever met. There I met General Haupt, who was general manager of the Northern Pacific. From him I expected to learn much about the country through which I was to travel, but I found that his information extended no further west than North Dakota. He was absorbed in a project for constructing a network of cheap railroads to haul the grain out of that State. He wanted to make a checker-board of the prairies beyond the Red River with his roads, so that nearly every farmer would have a railroad at his own door. I thought the scheme rather visionary.

I took a look at Minneapolis, which had already outstripped St. Paul in population and seemed, if possible, a little more given to bragging than its elder sister down the river. A

fierce jealousy raged between the two cities, and every man I talked with in either city said something disparaging about the other town. Minneapolis had then two special grievances against St. Paul. One, was the extension of the city limits over all of Ramsey County up to the Minneapolis line; the other was a recent effort of the *Pioneer Press* to monopolize morning journalism in both cities by purchasing the only morning sheet in Minneapolis. I was much more interested in visiting the big flouring-mills than in the talk on these local questions. St. Anthony's Falls proved a great disappointment. The falls did not at all resemble the pictures in the geography I had studied when a boy, and seemed to be nothing more than a huge mill-dam. In Minneapolis I met an old friend whom I had known in Washington City, Col. W. S. King,—"Bill King," everybody called him,—and a better boomer I could not have found to fill me up with big stories about the growth and expectations of the city. I remembered how King, many years before, used to talk with me in the cloak-rooms and the post-office of the House about the glories of Minnesota and of its flour city, and I was delighted to find that he was fast growing rich and was one of the foremost citizens of his town. I spent a night in his pleasant home on the Island.

Next I went to Brainerd, a smart town supported mainly by the shops and division headquarters of the Northern Pacific. The pine forests hugged the town closely on all sides, and a bit of the original woods had been preserved as a public park. I met an old gentleman named White, who was the agent of the Lake Superior and Puget Sound Land Company and had selected and platted all the town sites between Duluth and Bismarck. He proved to be a mine of information. He had driven in a buggy all the way from Brainerd to Bismarck, and he showed me that buggy with pardonable pride. He knew the whole country thoroughly as far west as the Missouri River. From Brainerd I turned east and traveled on a slow train through what seemed to me a dreary wilderness of swamps and pine barrens, varied only by an occasional lake. Much of that region has since been cleared and turned into good farms. A new-comer from the East is seldom a good judge of any Western country. He makes his comparisons with the old-settled regions he has been familiar with, and a new country does not awaken any enthusiasm in him.

Duluth, in 1882, was a ragged and discouraged village of about 3,000 inhabitants, and was so poor that it had abandoned its city charter, to escape the debts incurred under it, and had fallen back to the political condition of a mere township. The commercial possibilities of the place impressed me, but the commercial achievements seemed meager. The streets were deep in red mud, which the rains had washed down from the steep hillsides, and a bitter wind from

the cold lake chilled me to the marrow. There was a fair hotel, however—the old St. Louis, and a group of speculators sat about the fire and demonstrated to their own satisfaction that Duluth was bound to be a rival of Chicago. They were nearer right than I about the future of the place, for in less than fifteen years from that time the grain receipts were far ahead of those of Chicago.

At Duluth I began my long pilgrimage westward, which was to end at Puget Sound. I stopped first at Detroit, Minn., of which I had heard as a pretty town, settled originally by old soldiers from Michigan. The settlers had been long enough on the ground to make good farms and to demonstrate the richness of the soil. The country, with its numerous lakes and its stretches of prairie alternating with forest tracts, looked as if it would be beautiful when the leaves came out; but, although it was nearly the first of May, winter had not released its grip. I then went to Fargo, observing with great curiosity the new farms and the vast stretches of brown prairie in the Red River Valley, and smiling at the insignificant size of the river itself, which looked like a big drainage canal. There had been a great overflow a few weeks before, the water invading the main streets, and the town still looked soaked and sodden. A street-car track had disappeared in the deep, black mud. The Headquarters Hotel was swarming like a bee-hive with land-seekers and land speculators, and I heard the biggest sort of big talk about the fertility of the valley, the invigorating climate, and the rise in the value of town lots. I found an old comrade of the Civil War, with whom I had shared blankets many a night by camp-fires in Virginia. His name was N. K. Hubbard, and he had a few years before pitched the first tent on the ground where Fargo grew up. Starting as a merchant, he had become a land owner and a banker, and was evidently looked upon as a very prosperous man. He was intelligent and level-headed, and he gave me a large amount of correct and useful information.

As the railway gateway to all North Dakota, Fargo was then plainly destined to become an important town; but its little wooden houses and one-story wooden stores could not well excite the admiration of a newspaper man fresh from New York City, and I fear that I did not give as good an account of the place as I ought to have done in an article I wrote for the *Century Magazine* on the country between the Red River and the Missouri. It was a number of years after, before the Fargo lot boomers recognized me as a friend of North Dakota.

I went on westward to Jamestown, over the wide, bare prairies where brown patches here and there showed the plowing of the settlers for their crop of spring wheat, and new houses dotted the landscape. The cars were crowded with settlers, and at every little station a party disembarked. Jamestown was exceedingly buoyant and ambitious in 1882, and every citizen honestly believed that before ten years elapsed there would be fifty thousand people there. They were actually building a steamboat to navigate the Jim River, a creek that dries up in summer and becomes only a string of water-holes. At the hotel I met a smart fellow who was selling lots in what he called the "Capitol Addition," located on the top of a bluff, two or three miles away. I asked him if he really believed that the town would ever grow out to his addition. He said that that did not matter; the people were all crazy to buy lots, and he might as well sell them as anybody else. That was sixteen years ago, but I noticed, when passing through Jamestown last year, that there was not then a single house on that

Capitol Addition. I caught the fever of lot speculation, and bought two lots in the town. I still own them, and have never seen the time when I could sell them for half what they cost me; yet Jamestown has grown to be a prosperous, well-built little city. I made the acquaintance of E. P. Wells, the banker, and B. S. Russell, the land man, and they have been good friends of mine ever since. Russell took me to drive out on the prairies, and amazed me by his accurate knowledge of the country.

"We are now on the northwest quarter of section fifteen, township 144," he would say.

"How do you know?" I inquired; "the land looks exactly like all the land we have been passing over."

"Do you see that coulee off to the right? That is on fourteen; so I know we must be on fifteen here," he replied.

The slightest inequality in the surface—every hummock, every depression and every pond, had a geographical meaning for him. He pointed out the distant claim shanties, and told who lived in every one of them. He had a prodigious memory. Something led him to make a quotation from Walter Scott's "Marmion," and he went on and repeated the whole canto. His mind was stored, not with scraps and verses, but with entire poems. He seemed to know the Bible by heart, too, and I think he could name the book and chapter of any verse that was read to him at random.

ALASKA CAVE DWELLERS.

A race of cave-dwellers live on a small island off the Alaskan Coast. It is King's Island, in Behring Sea, due south of Cape Prince of Wales. There is only one village there, and this has a population of 200. Dr. Sheldon Jackson, the United States agent of education in Alaska, says that it is one of the most remarkable settlements in America; yet few people know of its existence.

King's Island is about a mile in length, and is a mass of basalt rock which rises perpendicularly out of the sea to a height of 700 to 1,000 feet. At the south side this is cleft in two by a deep ravine, which is filled by a huge, permanent snow-bank. High up on the west side of the ravine is the village of Oukivak, which consists of about forty dwellings, partly hollowed out of the cliff and built up outside with stone walls. Across the top of these walls are laid large driftwood poles; over these are placed hides, and over the hides grass and dirt. The houses are entered by a tunnel, which runs along underneath, sometimes for a distance of fifteen feet, and ends under a hole, eighteen inches in diameter, in the floor of the room above. This is the front door of the establishment. The tunnel is so low that it is necessary to stoop and often to crawl the entire length of it.

In summer these houses generally become too damp to live in. The people then erect another dwelling on top; this is a tent of walrus hide, which is stretched over a wooden frame and guyed to the rocks by ropes to prevent its being blown off into the sea. These tents allow of a room ten or fifteen feet square, entered by means of an oval hole in the side about two feet above the

floor. These platforms are often fifteen or twenty feet above the winter-dwelling below.

At the other side of the deep ravine, at the base of the cliff, is a huge cavern, into which the sea dashes. At the back of this is a large bank of perpetual snow. The cave-dwellers use this as a storehouse. They dig rooms in the snow and store their provisions, which freeze solid and keep the year round, for the temperature in the snow never rises above 32 degrees.

NORTHWEST BUSINESS PROSPERITY.

Since the February issue of the *Northwestern Banker*, says the Grand Forks (N. D.) *Herald*, that publication has secured special information regarding the banking business in Minnesota, North Dakota, South Dakota and Nebraska, compiled from replies received from seventy-five per cent of all banking institutions consulted. The information desired was the present condition of the banks as compared with one year ago, interest rates, and the general prospects in all lines of business for the year. The reports show, without a single exception, a most remarkable gain in deposits, ranging all the way from twenty-five to 550 per cent. This very large increase in each community's available capital comes from the many bills receivable and other evidences of debt that have been paid the banks or to other parties, and deposited in the banks. This means that the Northwest now has, in a large

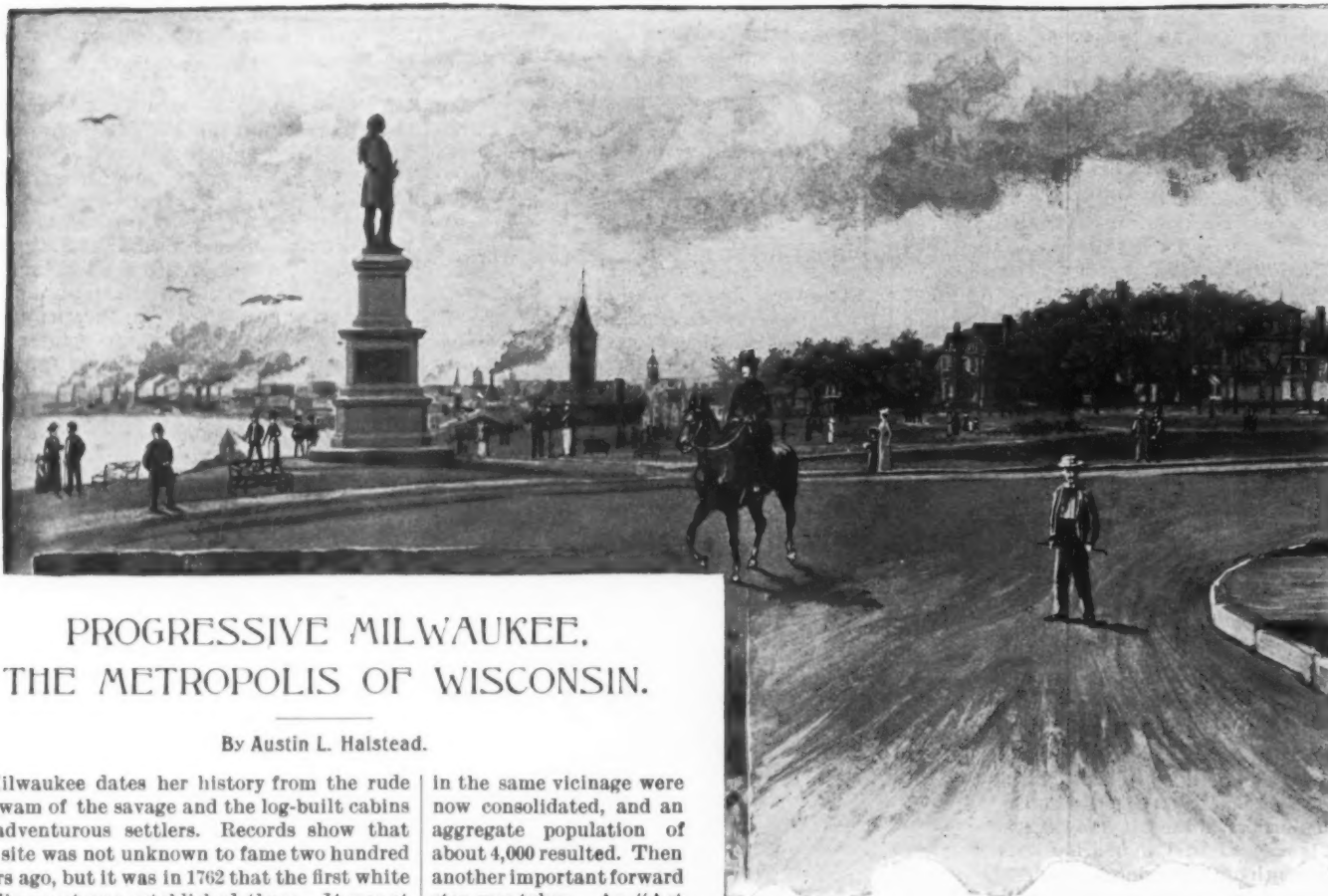
measure, the additional capital so much needed for developing her resources. And we may expect these States to make greater progress during the next two years than for the last half decade.

Another remarkable item in the reports is the uniform tendency to lower rates of interest. This condition must of necessity follow the extraordinary increase in bank deposits. The lowering of the rates of interest is marked throughout the whole country; but to no section does it mean more than to the Northwest, in the way of a larger investment in improvements, the creation of new enterprises, and development of resources. Another feature of the reports was the unanimous opinion that good times had again returned and that prospects were never brighter. The return of prosperity is not confined to any locality, but from over 900 different points in the Northwest come the cheering news of better times and a splendid outlook. Judging, therefore, from these special reports, the wave of prosperity has overspread the Northwest and gives every evidence of remaining.

A NEW LAKE SUPERIOR FISH.—A fish new to Lake Superior is being caught this season. They look like brook trout, only they are not speckled and they have a rich crimson flesh and are very tender and palatable. In weight they vary from eight to fifteen pounds, and bid fair to prove a most important product of the lake.



THE MINNEAPOLIS CHAMBER OF COMMERCE.—By courtesy of Cunningham & Crosby.



PROGRESSIVE MILWAUKEE. THE METROPOLIS OF WISCONSIN.

By Austin L. Halstead.

Milwaukee dates her history from the rude wigwam of the savage and the log-built cabins of adventurous settlers. Records show that the site was not unknown to fame two hundred years ago, but it was in 1762 that the first white trading-post was established there. It was at an Indian village on Milwaukee River. By 1784 the French fur traders and their employees had multiplied in numbers and the post began to assume considerable importance. It was not until 1818, however, that the real founder of Milwaukee came upon the scene in the now historic character of Solomon Juneau. Down to 1833, he and his family were the only white settlers on the site of the present city. The settlement grew, and he prospered. His old log hut was outgrown and a roomy frame dwelling was built where Mitchell's elegant bank building now stands. In 1835 a post-office was established, with Juneau for postmaster. After the Government treaty with the Menomonees in 1831, the Black Hawk war of 1832, and the treaty with the Pottawatomies in 1833, white settlers began to come upon the scene freely, and some sort of government was necessitated. Milwaukee County had already been formed, and in 1835 the "Township of Milwaukee" was organized and the first election held. In 1836 Wisconsin was given Territorial rights, and in 1848 the Territory became a State.

From this time on the development of the settlement grows in interest. Travel was difficult, and the town was isolated. There was no telegraph, no railways. It took three to five weeks for a letter to go from this little lake village to New York. There were trails, but no roads. The streets were roughly laid out on the hillsides or through swamp-lands, and there was absolutely no promise of the well-built city that occupies the site today. But the land was good, and the craze for it brought scores of new people. Town lots boomed, buildings went up, stores were opened, and improvements abounded on every hand. Finally a courthouse was built; and in July, 1836, what is now the *Evening Wisconsin* appeared as the "Milwaukee Advertiser"—to be followed in June, 1837, by the "Milwaukee Sentinel." The little towns that had been started by rival interests

in the same vicinage were now consolidated, and an aggregate population of about 4,000 resulted. Then another important forward step was taken. An "Act to incorporate the City of Milwaukee" was approved by the governor, in 1846, and the place was thus given a name and became an independent municipality. Solomon Juneau was elected first mayor of the town, which now numbered 9,500 people.

On the heels of this new order of things came rapid development. Railway construction was begun, harbor improvements were projected, and ways and means were found to carry forward other notable improvements. It was indeed a great day when the first train went out over the "Milwaukee & Mississippi Railway Company's" line to Waukesha in the month of February, 1851,—an enterprise which was really the small beginning of the present gigantic system controlled by the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway Company. This was forty-seven years ago, but even then the thrift and self-reliance of the people were powerful factors in moving the city forward to the commanding position which it occupies today. The crisis of '57 gave the young town a pretty good shaking up, but its vigorous constitution survived it, and its subsequent history has been one uninterrupted record of prosperity.

LATER MILWAUKEE.

The brief mention made of the city's early days has little value aside from its historical interest. The Milwaukee of today has little in common with the Milwaukee of nearly a half century ago. On the heights which overlook Milwaukee Bay and Lake Michigan, and on the lower levels which border the river sections of the city, is now seen one of the most populous, opulent and thoroughly progressive cities in America. Log huts and frontier palisades have disappeared. The narrow trail has given way to graded thoroughfares and well-paved streets and avenues. Telegraph, telephone and railway lines checker-board the State in every direction. In front of the city is a

JUNEAU PARK, FOOT OF WISCONSIN STREET, MILWAUKEE, SHOWING THE SOLOMON JUNEAU MONUMENT IN THE FOREGROUND.

commerce-laden lake, back of it and around it are the fertile fields of Illinois, and the ten thousand lakes, mighty forests and rich agricultural lands of Wisconsin and Minnesota. Only 400 miles east of the geographical center of the Union, and very near the center of population, the Cream City owes much of its wonderful industrial progress to its splendid location. With eleven railway lines radiating from it and numerous lines of freight and passenger steamers running to and from the many ports on the Great Lakes, Milwaukee is brought into swift contact with the outer world, and its jobbing and manufacturing interests have ready channels through which their products can be distributed to far-distant points. It is evident that no great haste has been made to develop the city. That is, it cannot be said that Milwaukee has so far outgrown territorial needs that it must suffer for its greatness, as so many American cities have. It has kept pace with surrounding developments, but it has not exceeded them. This fortunate condition, it is more than probable, has resulted from a happy combination of Yankee shrewdness and enterprise with German thrift, conservatism and thoroughness. A peculiarly apt illustration of this is seen in the city's industrial lines. Though near the larger city of Chicago, Milwaukee's manufacturing industries have been so wisely chosen that in many respects they are practically without competition. Capital has been invested in specific lines, and these investments have been so fostered that they are now impregnable. It is a concentration rather than a scattering of capital and energy, a system which, in the special lines referred to, has resulted in world-acknowledged supremacy.

Milwaukee is divided into three grand divi-

ions, made necessary by the ramifications of the Milwaukee, the Menomonee, and the Kinnickinnic rivers. The Eastern Division comprises a large part of the business district and that beautiful residence portion of the city which overlooks Milwaukee Bay and the lake. The Western Division also includes much of the business district and takes in a lovely residence section which extends to Merrill's Park, Queen Anne Place, and to the high grounds from which one can survey the Menomonee Valley and the Soldiers' Home. South Division is, perhaps, the principal manufacturing section, and comprises a major portion of the Menomonee and Kinnickinnic Valley. There are also many fine residence streets and avenues in this division, and a good deal of the general business district. Connecting these grand divisions are fifteen drawbridges. There is, of course, considerable rivalry between the three sections; but it is a healthful competition, which has so far resulted in promoting the best interests of the city in general. None of them seems to have a preponderating advantage. Not all the wealth, beauty of location, distribution of parks, public buildings and elegant homes, is confined to one district. It is a splendidly balanced city. So evenly distributed are municipal favors and improvements that property values rarely deteriorate. This, in a restricted way, is an outline picture of "Later Milwaukee" as it appears today—forty-seven years after its incorporation.

COMMERCIALLY AND INDUSTRIALLY, Milwaukee has advanced to one of the foremost positions in the United States. In wholesale lines there is a notable absence of unstable concerns. As a rule, the houses have been established a long time and are remarkable for their strong financial resources and honorable reputations. It is not unusual to find firms the lifetime of which now laps upon the second and third generations. One runs across such instances in old St. Louis, and now and then in other cities; but in the Cream City, where the increase of population is due so largely to the fact that the sons and daughters who are born there continue to live and to do business there after maturity, it is not at all uncommon to find men of the second and third generations conducting houses that were founded in the early days by their fathers or grandfathers.

Age, capital and straightforwardness have helped to give Milwaukee jobbing houses a very broad and a very solid reputation. All lines are represented. In groceries, hardware, clothing, dry-goods, drugs, millinery, rubber goods, etc., are big concerns that carry large stocks and sell in all the States lying between the lake and the Pacific Coast. In boot and shoe jobbing houses the city is especially strong, these being operated in connection with huge manufacturing plants. The best figures obtainable show that the total volume of Milwaukee's wholesale business for 1897 was \$105,203,000—a gain of \$10,659,000 over the preceding year. A stroll through the jobbing districts will show massive, well-built warehouses of modern architectural design, in which are housed great stocks of all the lines demanded by the Northwestern trade. Domestic and imported goods and wares are shown in bulk. The firms are in business to meet competition from any source. They have a systematic way of doing business, and they adhere to methods strictly; but in no city in the country are customers and visitors generally received and entertained with greater courtesy and respect. These jobbers and managers have gathered their wisdom from years of experience; they have learned the lesson that it takes time to build a house up to the point of reputation and profit; they know how to win trade in the first place, and it is perfectly safe to say that they are adepts at holding it.

A look at the map will convince any person that Milwaukee is an admirably located jobbing market. The numerous lines of lake steamers afford water transportation to all the ports on the big lakes and as far south, east and north as it is profitable to go, and the great railway systems which radiate from the city carry Milwaukee merchandise to every point of the compass—into Michigan, Indiana, Illinois, all through Wisconsin and Minnesota, thence to the far West of the Pacific Coast. There is a vast population tributary to these



THE FIRST BUILDING, MILWAUKEE.

Cream City jobbers. They are in the center of one of the largest and richest commercial territories in the Union—a territory that is growing and expanding rapidly and in all ways every year. Out of this field they have drawn a mighty volume of business in the past, but it will be as naught compared with the harvests that shall come to them in the newer and more prosperous future.

IN INDUSTRIAL LINES.

Milwaukee's manufacturing enterprises, as heretofore stated, have made the city famous the world over. While it is a city of homes and a center of German-American art and pleasure, its large population and rapidly acquired wealth are due more largely to its industrial lines than to any other one cause. Its magnificent location on the shore of Lake Michigan and in the central portion of one of the richest and most populous sections of the Union, has rendered it possible to establish and to develop successfully many of the most extensive manufacturing plants in the country. These industries are so peculiar to Milwaukee that to mention them is to turn one's thoughts to that city at once. Some of them are of so vast a character as to give their proprietors, practically speaking, national control of the markets for their respective products. Few cities in the United States, even among those of much larger population, equal Milwaukee in the annual value of their manufactured products, and no city can lay claim to industries that are more firmly established. In milling and mining machinery lines Milwaukee has the largest plant in the world; in the tinware and granite-ware lines it can point to the most extensive and best-equipped plant in North and South America. It leads in the manufacture of beer, it is the home of some of the largest tanneries in the country, and it is also the seat of very important meat-packing establishments and flour-milling and lumber plants. The man-



EAST WATER STREET, MILWAUKEE, LOOKING NORTH.

ufacturing spirit is prominent. It used to be a grain-shipping point, to which farmers hauled their wheat from far inland; but now it is more prominent as a manufacturing center, and this kind of capital seems to be attracted to the city more and more every year. Coal is brought cheaply and quickly in lake vessels from Ohio and Pennsylvania ports on Lake Erie, and abundant raw material is found in the hardwoods, pines, hides, wool and iron ores of Wisconsin, Michigan, Minnesota, and other Northwestern States. Once manufactured, no difficulty is experienced in marketing the products; railway lines and lake transportation companies carry the output of these factories and workshops to regions near and far, and the reputation established for the wares keeps them in increasing demand. Therein lies one strong feature of Milwaukee's greatness. Her manufacturers have put before the world a host of products that will hold their own against any other similar lines made. The reputation of

these wares is everywhere first-class. They are well made, are up to date in point of style and efficiency, and in many instances they mark a standard of excellence which other manufacturers find it hard to compete with.

Here are a few loud-speaking statistics: In 1897 some 2,831

Milwaukee manufacturing concerns gave employment to 53,504 persons, paid out \$20,894,069 in wages, and produced \$126,676,112 worth of products. The capital invested in these plants amounts to \$102,715,000. The brewery and malt tonic industries are eight in number, employ 2,735 persons, pay \$1,562,515 per annum in wages, have a permanent investment fund amounting to \$32,028,600, and their combined annual output is valued at \$15,797,250. The metal-working lines employ 16,917 persons, pay \$7,278,000 in wages per annum, have a total investment of \$23,746,000, and their combined outputs last year reached the enormous sum of \$30,468,283. In the leather industry are twelve concerns which employ a total of 3,268 persons, pay \$1,268,000 a year in wages, have an investment of \$6,718,000, and produce \$10,854,533 worth of products per annum. The boot and shoe fac-

tories have 1,640 operatives, pay out \$617,000 a year for wages, carry a permanent investment of \$1,549,000, and turned out goods last year valued at \$3,741,400. In clothing lines there are 2,740 employees, an investment of capital amounting to \$2,245,000, and an annual output which nearly touches the \$4,000,000 point. There are many other important industries of which separate mention cannot be made. It is enough to know that the cream city's manufacturing plants are 2,831 in number, furnish work for 53,504 mechanics and operatives, pay out to these wage-workers nearly \$21,000,000 a year, represent a total investment of \$102,715,000, and give to the world \$126,676,000 worth of finished products per annum. Such figures require no bolstering and need very little comment. If they teach any lesson, however, it is that Milwaukee's fame as a manufacturing center does not rest upon her great breweries alone, whose famous beverages, aggregating 2,271,448 barrels per annum, are shipped broadcast throughout the United States and Europe.

THE CREAM CITY'S ATTRACTIVENESS.

Every large city possesses one or more distinctive characteristics. Perhaps the most noticeable thing about Milwaukee is its air of hospitality. It is one of those sensations that may be described as tangible. One can take hold of it—possess it—go about the streets feeling a nearness to personal friendships. There is nothing cold, nothing formal about Milwaukee. The people are off-hand and good-natured, and wherever one goes there is evidence of their fondness of life's comforts and luxuries. Not all their hours are devoted to business and the accumulation of money; they find time for art, music, science, literature, and for healthful pastimes, as well. It is not a German city, nor is it a sordid municipality composed wholly of New Yorkers and New Englanders; it comprises a happy mingling of these dispositions—a combination that has made it one of the most beautiful and progressive cities in America. In business, these people are practical, economical and singularly well-balanced between ultra conservatism and rash enterprise; in the pursuit of pleasure they are intensely earnest but rarely immoderate. No one can accuse them of selfishness. On the contrary, they are a generous people—liberal in money matters, broad-minded when confronted with other opinions and other conditions. To live among them



LOOKING NORTH FROM THE EXPOSITION BUILDING, IN MILWAUKEE.

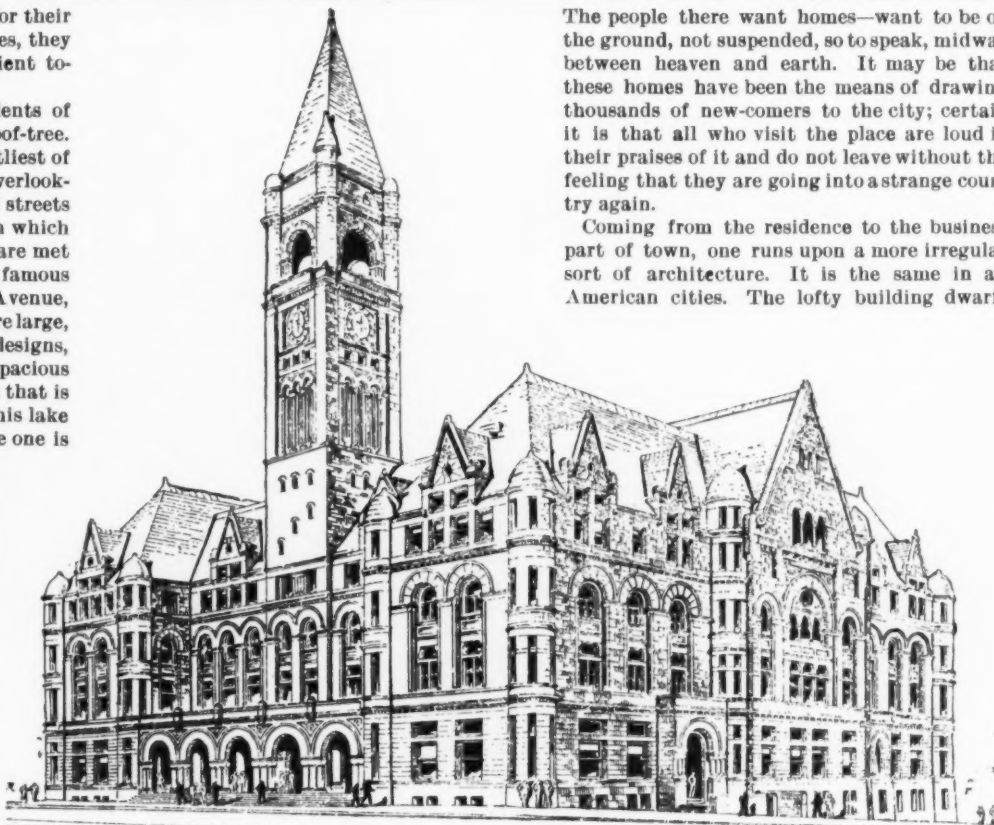


MILWAUKEE'S NEW CITY HALL.

any length of time is to love them for their very faults; because, if faulty themselves, they are at least disposed to be kindly lenient towards one's own weaknesses.

A marked peculiarity of the residents of Milwaukee is their love of the home roof-tree. It is a city of homes. Perhaps the costliest of these are found in the East Division overlooking the lake, although there are many streets and avenues and numerous sections in which elegant homes and beautiful grounds are met with frequently. Doubtless the most famous residence part of the city is Prospect Avenue, in the division named. The mansions are large, modern and of graceful architectural designs, and the grounds surrounding them are spacious and well-kept. A promenade or a drive that is full of beauty and romance lies along this lake shore. The view is enchanting. Before one is the broad bay and the distant outlines of wooded bluffs; back of one, and extending in a great crescent as far as White Fish Bay, are Juneau Park, Prospect Avenue and other superb residence streets. Another fine part of the city is seen in driving out Grand Avenue through the Menomonee Valley and to the princely grounds where on the Soldiers' Home buildings are located. Every step of the way will delight the eye.

But it is not in palatial dwellings that Milwaukee excels, so much as in the uniform neatness of its homes generally. Even the smaller and more modest homes have their pretty little yards, lawns and gardens, their bit of flower-coloring, their cozy porches, and their inviting shade-trees. In this city of 283,000 people are a large number of intelligent and well-to-do Germans. They love their homes, they admire flowers, they cannot do without a garden-spot; and this sweet and wholesome taste has permeated the entire city, until it is now the exception to see a neglected bit of property. The streets and avenues are broad, thickly shaded, and nearly all of them are parked. In the better portions of the city no fences are seen, and care is generally taken to have the buildings set back on a uniform line, like Euclid Avenue in Cleveland. Electric street-lights are used, and the streets and sidewalks are kept in a fairly good condition. People seem to pay cheerfully for the maintenance of public im-



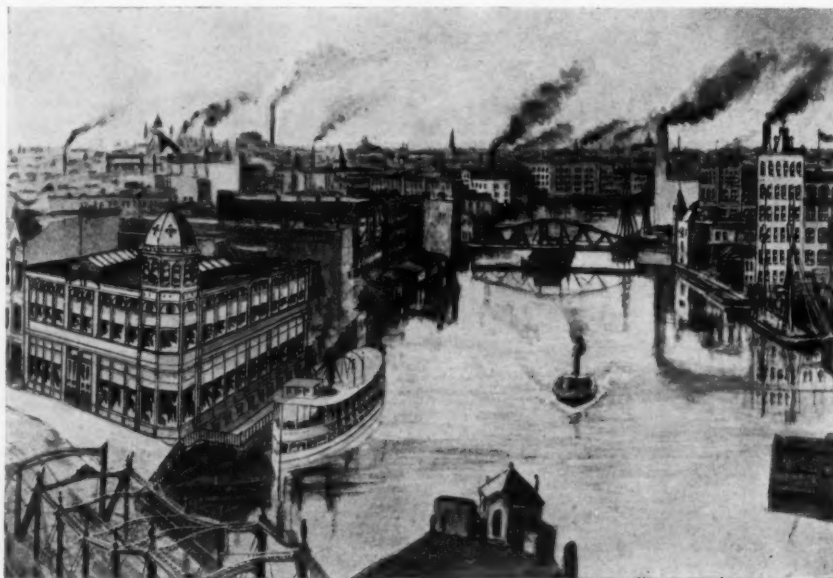
THE NEW GOVERNMENT BUILDING, MILWAUKEE.

provements. There are no poverty districts visible; and, indeed, it is said that Milwaukee has fewer unsightly, tumble-down houses than any other place of its size in the country. Its laboring classes are sustained the year round by the city's large jobbing, shipping, railway and manufacturing interests, and it is their nature to put by a penny for the proverbial rainy day. Thrift comes to them naturally. It is this comfortable, well-off condition that is so plainly evident in their happy, prosperous looking homes. In other cities great tenement buildings abound—called apartment houses, or flats. There are few of these in Milwaukee.

the smaller one. Stately office piles look down upon the humble two-or three-story shops and make them appear ridiculously small by contrast. Yet Milwaukee's business districts are well built and compare favorably with those of any city in the West. The most prominent business blocks are the Northwestern Mutual Life Building, the Mitchell Building, the Pabst Building, the Loan and Trust Building, the Colby and Abbot Building, the Brumder Building, the Sentinel Building, Matthew's Building, Pabst Theater, Davidson's Theater, and the Alhambra. There are a number of excellent hotels, notable among which are the Pfister, Plankinton, St. Charles, Schlitz, Blatz, Globe, and the Republican House. The Pfister and the Plankinton are two of the finest and costliest hotels in the Union.

PUBLIC IMPROVEMENTS.

When a stranger spends a week in a city of a million or more inhabitants, he pays little or no attention to what are called public improvements. He doesn't go there to study municipal ways and means. But in a city like Milwaukee, or Buffalo, or Cincinnati, it is possible to look about one intelligently and to carry away a very good idea of the city's general status. One of the first things to impress itself upon the mind of a stranger in Milwaukee is the admirable street-railway system. It comprises sixteen electric lines which run to all parts of the city and over 158 miles of track. The same system provides the city with electric light. Electric lines also run to Waukesha, twenty miles westward, to Waukesha Beach, some eight miles beyond Waukesha, and to Kenosha, thirty-five miles southward. The trackage is good and the car equipment first-class. The number of miles of paved streets in the city is not known. A good many streets are macadamized. The center of the city and all the more prominent residence streets and avenues



A SCENE ON MILWAUKEE RIVER, IN THE BUSINESS DISTRICT.

are paved with either stone, asphalt, brick, or cedar blocks. Lake Michigan furnishes the water supply. It is drawn through a tunnel and a series of pipes which extend two miles out into pure and undisturbed water. In connection with this water supply is an unrivaled sewerage system. Milwaukee River is flushed with lake water forced into it two miles from its mouth, through a tunnel, by a screw-wheel pump which has a capacity of 450,000,000 gallons per day, and work has been begun on a similar flushing-plant for the Kinnickinnic River.

Work on the public park system has so far been subordinated to other and more necessary improvements. As a matter of fact, Milwaukee does not feel the need of parks. The whole city is park-like. It is one great grove of elms, maples, and other popular shade-trees. Parks have been provided, however. They are eight in number, and range in size from fourteen to 125 acres, their aggregate area being about 400 acres. Juneau Park, where an imposing monument has been erected to the memory of the city's founder, is one of the largest of these breathing-spots and looks out upon the broad expanse of the lake. Its commanding position and fairly central situation make it a favorite resort for residents and strangers alike. West Park, South Park and Lincoln Park are worth visiting. Better known, perhaps, are Schlitz Park, National Park, Shooting Park, Milwaukee Garden, and a little gem of a park called West Union. These parks are to be linked together by a magnificent boulevard, which

already connects the greater number of them. Ample funds are to be set aside for the development of the system, and in a few years Milwaukee will have one of the finest bouquet of public parks in the West.

Among the notable public buildings are the new city hall, which cost \$900,000, the new Government building, the brown-stone courthouse, and fifty-three fine public-school buildings, in which \$3,000,000 is invested. The Emergency Hospital, with its volunteer staff of physicians, is another creditable institution, as are the city's two natatoriums, which are well-equipped and quite free to the public. The new and imposing

PUBLIC MUSEUM AND LIBRARY

building, the Layton Art Gallery, the big Exposition Building and the opera-houses and theaters occupy a field by themselves. By all odds the greatest monument to the liberality, intelligence and progressiveness of Milwaukee's citizens is seen in the nobly conspicuous pile just being completed for the use of the public museum and library. It is on Grand Avenue, nearly opposite Washington Square, and in close proximity to Senator Mitchell's old and beautiful homestead, now used as a club-house. The structure is four stories in height and occupies a full half-block. Over the central and main entrance are three granite arches, to the upper portion of which an alcove effect has been given. These arches are supported by massive pillars. The lofty dome, the grandly-proportioned entresol, the stately columns and

the decorative scroll-work in staff and other materials, create a majestic effect which impresses one's mind at the same time that it pleases one's sense of the artistic. The building represents the modern renaissance style of architecture, and was begun about three years ago. Its total cost, including site and furnishings, is said to be \$790,000. The library was founded in 1877 and now contains 101,000 volumes.

Milwaukee's public museum was established in 1882, although it is the direct result of collections made by the late Peter Engelmann in 1851, consisting chiefly of herbarium specimens. In 1857 Mr. Engelmann and other educated Germans founded the Naturhistorischen Verein von Wisconsin, and, with the Engelmann collection as a basis, organized a museum of natural history. In 1881, specimens having poured in from all parts of the world, it became necessary to secure larger accommodations for the collection, and a movement was inaugurated to present the property to the city in trust. It was to be maintained by direct taxation and encouraged as a free institution to serve as a means of public instruction. This was finally accomplished by Legislative enactment in 1882. Since, and until the completion of the new quarters on Grand Avenue, the vast collection, which now numbers 150,000 specimens, has occupied space in the big Exposition Building. The value of the collection is unknown, but it comprises many rare and costly fossils, minerals, mounted mammals, birds and reptiles, a



INTERIOR VIEW OF MILWAUKEE'S CHAMBER OF COMMERCE.



COURT-HOUSE AND COURT-HOUSE PARK, MILWAUKEE.

number of casts of quarternary animals, a great variety of Indian relics, and is insured for one hundred thousand dollars.

Residents of the Cream City also take a good deal of pride in the Layton Art Gallery, which cost \$120,000 exclusive of its site and contents. It was presented to the city in 1888 by Frederick Layton, and contains a choice collection of paintings, etchings, water-colors, etc., by the best masters.

The huge Exposition Building pertains to a more practical order of things. It was first opened to the public in 1881. Occupying an entire block, it is an imposing structure and represents an outlay of \$200,000. The State Industrial School, the Soldiers' Home, the State Fair grounds two miles west of the city, and a multitude of public and private seminaries, academies and parochial schools, with scores of handsome churches, are all included among the objects of interest in this city by the lake.

IN THE AMUSEMENT WORLD.

If the foregoing pages show that the people of Milwaukee have an eye to commercial advantages and material things generally; if they show that there is also in the Milwaukee nature a love of art, literature and science, and an intense admiration of beautiful homes and seductive local environments, the succeeding pages will just as surely proclaim that the same people know how to provide themselves with recreative pleasures. A stroll through the streets after business hours carries one in fancy to Berlin, or to some popular Old-Country water resort, like Baden-Baden. Enticing gardens and soft strains of music greet the eye and hail the ear wherever one goes. Entering the "Palm Garden," in the heart of the city, one wonders if all the people therein belong to the same family. There are hundreds of them—men, women and children, and they are so social, so courteous, so jovial, that it is im-

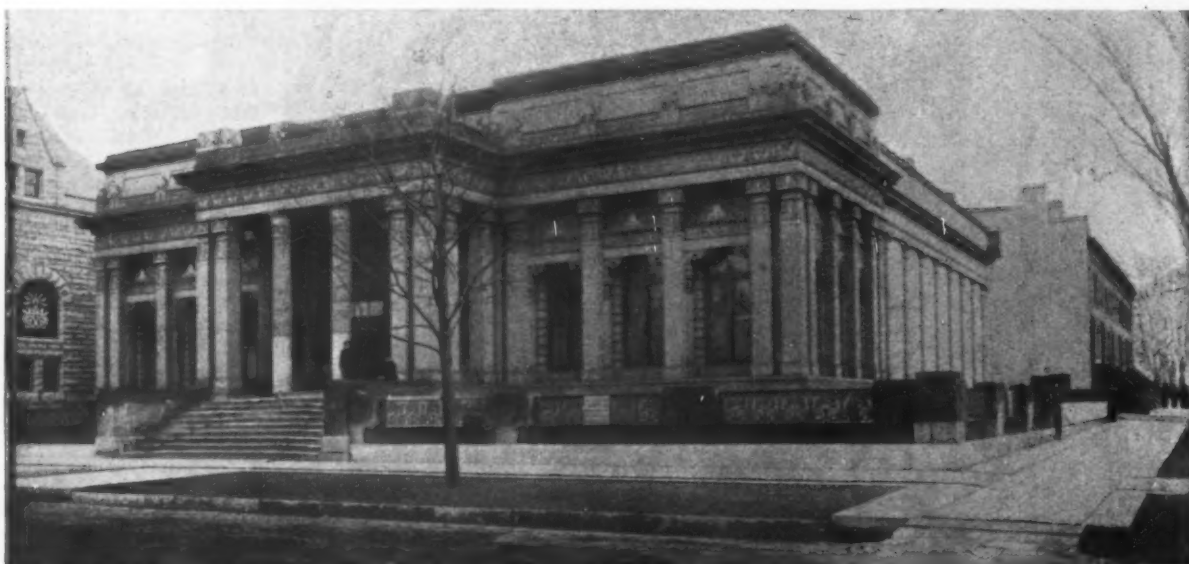
possible to regard them as strangers to one another. The garden, which cost \$80,000, is filled with great palms, and guests sit beneath them and drink their beer or eat their lunches, listening the while to sweetest music. This is but one of scores of similar resorts in the city, where the best of people go to while away an hour and find relief from dull care. When the lights are turned on and desire seizes one to go to a good theater or music hall, The Davidson, The Alhambra, The Bijou, The Academy, or Pabst Theater, offer attractions of the highest order and at a range of prices suited to every degree of wealth. There is little wonder that Milwaukeeans love their city—little wonder that strangers find in it a charm which lures them to stay yet a day longer. Thousands, doubtless, experienced this feeling during the recent celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of Wisconsin's Statehood, for which the citizens of Milwaukee subscribed seventy thousand dollars. There is life in the air there, whether one seeks it in the business districts of the city

or in the lighter walks which rest the body and restore the mind.

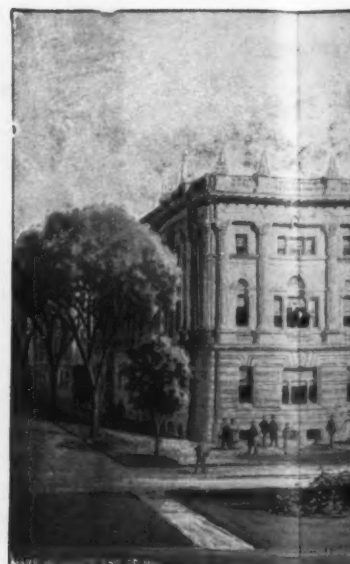
The idea that Milwaukee is a "slow" place is not founded in fact. One can not gauge a town while clinging closely to the lobby of a hotel. It is necessary to go outside—to see the people at play as well as at work; and to do this properly calls for evening expeditions to the parks, the numerous gardens, the suburban resorts, the music-halls and theaters. The club-houses afford a glimpse of Milwaukee life, too. Of these, the best known are the Milwaukee Club, the Phoenix, the Bon Ami, the Calumet, and the Deutsche Club, which occupies nearly an entire block and is famous for its brilliant evening fetes. There is life in financial circles, also. There are five national and five State banks, all strong. A recent quarterly report of the national banks shows total resources amounting to \$29,673,815 and individual deposits aggregating \$19,125,019, the average reserve being 40.3 per cent. Look at the Cream City as one may—from a business, an educational or a social point of view, the conclusion is inevitable that it is one of the most progressive of American cities.



CHAMBER OF COMMERCE BUILDING, IN MILWAUKEE.



THE CELEBRATED LAYTON ART GALLERY, MILWAUKEE.



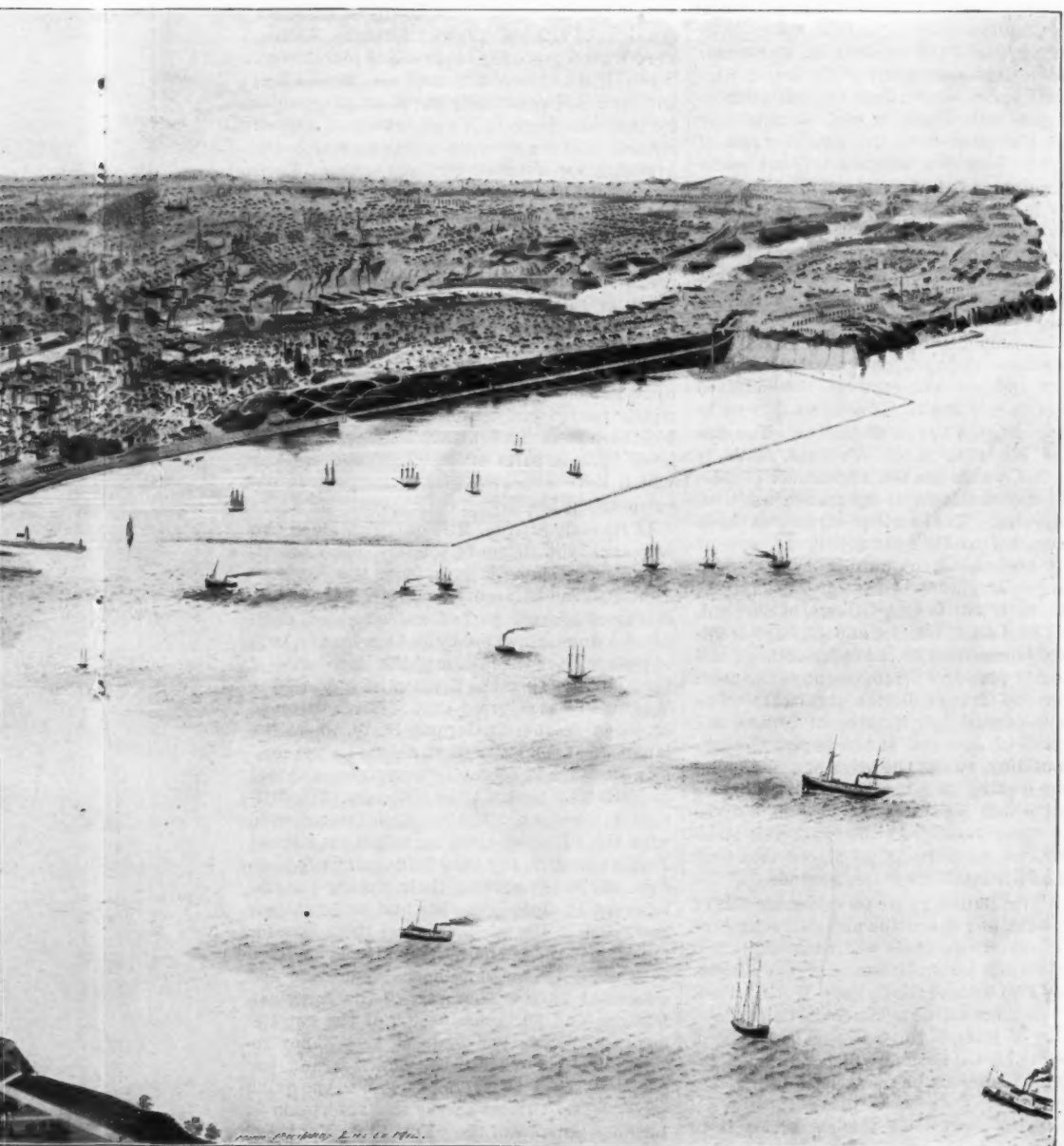
MILWAUKEE.



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE CITY OF MILWAUKEE.



MILWAUKEE'S STATELY MUSEUM AND LIBRARY BUILDING, JUST COMPLETED.



THE NATION'S CHIEF.

He sits, the nation's chieftain,
In the historic chair,
Amid the grand old memories
That fondly linger there.
Without, the turmoil surges
With a tempestuous roar,
Like mighty billows beating
Against a rock-bound shore.

He sits serene, impassive,
Unconscious of the fray;—
Perhaps his face is paler
Than it was yesterday,
And as the deepening shadows
Eclipse the evening star,
He seems to sit and listen
To voices from afar;

A chorus of grand voices,
All blended into one;
Of Jefferson and Lincoln,
And Blaine and Washington;
And towering phantoms hover
Around the cushioned chair,
And gleaming eyes shoot arrows
Of fire through the air.

The mighty phantoms vanish,
And night grows on apace,
And paler yet, and sterner,
Has grown the chieftain's face;
But 'neath the knitted eyebrows
There burns a steady light,
That pierces through the darkness
Or the surrounding night.

And quickened memory kindles
With scenes of long ago;
He sees once more the camp-fires
On distant hillsides glow.
A moment, all forgetful
Of the grave cares of state,
The velvet floor he paces,
With warrior's pride elate.

Before him, like a whirlwind,
There rushes Sheridan—
With him ten thousand horsemen,
All pressing to the van;
Above, a tattered banner
Floats proudly to the sky—
Though but a rag, 'tis "ours,"
And stands for victory!

And, high up on the hillside,
The sunbeams fall aslant
On the immortal figures
Of Sherman and of Grant.
They seem to him to beckon
On towards some glorious goal
Beyond the sea-line, yonder,
Where clouds of battle roll.

The chieftain's nostrils quiver,
And, eager, sniff the air;
But documents, not powder,
Are made his present care.
Once more beside the table,
In thoughtful mood he sits,
And ponders long and deeply,
The while the hour flits.

At last he slowly rises,
No longer pale and stern;
His countenance is beaming,
His throbbing pulses burn.
Each step is duly counted,
Each measure duly weighed;
The safety of the nation
No longer is betrayed.

Now sound the clarion bugle!
Now let the cannon roar!
Bear swift the flag of freedom
To bleeding Cuba's shore!
Tramp, tramp, the boys are marching,—
As once through Georgia,—
One grand, united army
Through all America.

Eureka, S. D.

LEWIS P. JOHNSON.



Entered for transmission through the mails at second-class rates.

E. V. SMALLEY, - EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

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THE NORTHWEST MAGAZINE,
ST. PAUL, MINN.

ST. PAUL, JUNE, 1898.

THE WHEAT SITUATION.

The high prices for wheat continue to excite surprise. When prices jumped up late in the winter and in the early spring, many people supposed that the rise was all due to the enormous speculation of young Mr. Leiter in Chicago. When he ceased buying and began to unload, they believed there would come a slump. The real fact was, however, that instead of Mr. Leiter holding up the market, the market was holding him up. The rise was not due at all to his operations, but came from natural causes. The European demand was unprecedentedly large, and the enormous shipments had no perceptible effect upon it. The more wheat we shipped abroad, the greater was the demand. Leiter lost a great deal of money by selling too soon. It is reported by the Chicago papers that he made a profit of \$3,350,000. He might have made as much more if he had held on a little longer. Mr. Leiter was, in fact, betting on a sure thing in his wheat purchases. He had studied the European reports of the shortage of the crop of 1897 in other countries, and he knew that all Europe would have to send to the United States for wheat. His knowledge was just as available to other people as to himself. In August of last year Beer-bohm, the best European authority on the wheat crop, estimated that the crops of Europe would fall short of the ordinary demand for consumption 353,000,000 bushels. A little later the Hungarian Minister of Agriculture published an estimate that the whole world's crop was 293,000,000 bushels short of the amount required for consumption. Here was data which the bears stupidly overlooked. They fancied that the rise was due wholly to speculation, and Mr. Leiter proceeded to shear them at his leisure. Prices were kept from going much higher long ago only by the general knowledge that the estimate of the American crop made by the Government statisticians and the statisticians of the New York Produce Exchange were at least 100,000,000 bushels too low. Instead of 459,000,000 bushels, as estimated, the American harvest really amounted to over 550,-

000,000 bushels, and is put by some authorities as high as 592,000,000 bushels; so that the country was prepared to stand the great drain upon it from Europe for wheat without sending prices out of sight.

It is now certain that the present prices for wheat will keep up until the next crop is ready for market, and also that the exhaustion of the old crop will prevent any great decline, even if the crops of all countries should be good this year. Fortunate is the farmer who plowed a large area for wheat last fall and seeded it in the spring, and who now looks over his broad fields of growing grain. His reward will come at last. He has had a hard time for many years and has seldom been able to see any surplus, after selling his crop, over the necessary living expenses of his family and his taxes. If he has come out even for a year's work, it has been because he has practiced the closest economies. Next fall he will have money in the bank, and, if he has no mortgage to pay off, he can make a trip to California with his wife.

After all, wheat is a pretty good crop to stick to. In the end it is sure to bring the farmer out ahead.

THE OMAHA EXPOSITION.

The Trans-Mississippi Exposition at Omaha, which opened June 1 and will run until November, promises to be a great success so far as buildings, grounds and exhibits are concerned. It remains to be seen whether the war excitement will injuriously affect the attendance. We do not believe that it will. People may welcome the relief from the mental strain of reading war bulletins, which a trip to Omaha and a few days at the exposition will give them. The war is a long way from home. It will not make business bad or bring bereavement and sorrow into many households, and we see no reason why people should not visit the greatest regional exposition that has ever been held in this country.

All the main exhibition buildings stand in a double line facing upon an artificial lake or lagoon and are connected by colonnades, so that visitors can pass from one to another without being exposed to sun or shower. The material of all—that is, of the outer walls, is white staff, which has the appearance of marble, and the architectural designs are beautiful and imposing. The various structures have been assigned to different architects, so that there is no monotonous uniformity of design. The largest structure is that of Agriculture, and the architect is Cass Gilbert, of St. Paul. Denver, St. Louis, Omaha and Chicago architects are represented in the other edifices, and the general plan and arrangement comes from a famous old firm of Boston architects. The lagoon is crossed by a number of bridges and terminates at one end at the superb Government building, and at the other end in a broad stairway leading to a viaduct across Sherman Avenue, which separates the two main divisions of the grounds. At the top of this stairway are two restaurants, so placed that they command a view of the entire grounds.

The State buildings are on the other side of this avenue, and so are the many structures of the Midway, where there will be an imitation of the various entertainments of the famous Midway Plaisance of the Chicago World's Fair. Here, too, there will be a "Street in Cairo," and a flavor of foreign life will be given by a Chinese village, a German village, an Irish village, and numerous characteristic booths and displays.

The main purpose of the exposition is to present the achievements of the region west of the Mississippi in agriculture, mining, the arts,

and education. The exhibits are not limited to this region, however, but, as at the Nashville fair of last year, interesting objects are admitted from any part of the country or of the world.

Several of the Northwestern States have erected creditable edifices, and the group of State buildings is large enough to form an interesting feature of the exposition. The opening day was characterized by much enthusiasm, and it is hoped that the regular attendance will amply reward the courageous promoters for their great outlay of time and money.

We commend the enterprise to the notice of our readers, and assure them that, even if they saw thoroughly the great show at Chicago, they will find this Trans-Mississippi Exposition very attractive.

MILWAUKEE.

It is interesting to trace the causes which have led to the development of important cities in the West, and to inquire why these cities have grown up at the particular points where they exist instead of at other points which were at one time their rivals in the race for commercial supremacy. Milwaukee is now the largest city northwest of Chicago, yet within the life-time of men still living it was only a frontier village and had a number of sharp competitors among the new towns on the western shore of Lake Michigan. Kenosha, Racine, Port Washington, Sheboygan, and Manitowoc, began their careers at about the same time, and each had practically the same advantages for lake commerce in the possession of a small stream, called a river by courtesy, which was available for a harbor for lake vessels. Each was backed by a very fine agricultural country; but Milwaukee was farther from Chicago than Kenosha or Racine, and the country close at hand was earlier settled than that which supports the towns further north. In the first epoch of railway building in Wisconsin, Milwaukee secured two lines westward to the Mississippi River, one terminating at Prairie du Chien and the other at La Crosse, and it became the entrepot for the tide of immigration which poured out upon the fertile prairies of Northern Iowa and Southern Minnesota. These lines became parts of two immense systems which have displayed great enterprise in developing the Northwest.

In its early history, Milwaukee obtained two very excellent classes of settlers. The American element came largely from the State of New York, and a large German element arrived, composed in great part of well-educated, energetic young men who sought America as a land of liberty after the failure of the Revolution of 1848. At one time the German immigration to Wisconsin was so great that idealists dreamed of founding there a German State, where the language of the Fatherland should be the common speech, and where German customs should prevail. This proved to be visionary. The Wisconsin Germans affiliated and intermarried with their English-speaking neighbors, learned English readily, and used it in their daily business affairs, preserving their mother tongue, however, in their home-life and social gatherings. Their liberal ideas and their love for music, art, and healthful recreations, modified to a great extent the sharp, aggressive and somewhat narrow character of the American settlers, and the combination of the two elements of population produced very happy results. To the thrift, the *biederkeit* and the *gemuthlichkeit* of the Germans, and to the quick intelligence, tireless energy and absorption in business pursuits of the "York State Yankees" and the New Englanders, Milwaukee owes most of its progress as a city.



We believe that the present war is going to demonstrate to Europe that the American volunteer makes the best soldier in the world. He relies on his own intelligence rather than on that of his officers. He is a practical fighter, quick to see any weak spot in his enemy's line, prompt to take advantage of any shelter for himself from the enemy's fire, cool, daring, and rarely stampeded. He soon learns, too, how to make himself comfortable in camp and bivouac, how to prepare his food, and how to avoid the usual camp diseases. Most of the privates who have gone out with our volunteer regiments are fully as well educated and are as intelligent and self-reliant as are the officers of European armies. They accept discipline cheerfully, as necessary to the service, and they fully realize that war means killing men and are not going to be scared when the deadly business begins.

It is not unlikely that the recent dullness of our Minnesota summer resorts will be relieved this year by the influx of numerous visitors from the East, who will want to take a summer outing somewhere and will hesitate to go to any of the sea-coast resorts upon which some prowling Spanish gunboat or "destroyer" may drop shells. Our Eastern visitors will find our lake resorts cool and comfortable, and they will be delighted no less by the agreeable scenery than by the moderation of the landlords, who do not agree with the Eastern bonifaces, that in order to make a hotel pay it is necessary to rob the guests. Most of all, the pure Minnesota air will delight them. To breathe it for a few weeks is better than a course of doctoring. We believe they will find the Western people sociable and interesting, and that they will really get more out of a few weeks of Western travel than they usually get out of their trips to Long Branch, or Newport, or the Maine coast.

As soon as General Merritt's forces get fairly settled down in the Philippines, we may expect to see a regular line of steamships established between the Puget Sound ports and Manila, taking out supplies for our army and bringing back the hemp and tobacco of the islands. Shrewd young business men will go out on these boats looking for openings for trade. By the time the war ends, we believe that the commerce of the Philippines will have proven to be so valuable to this country that the old foggy anti-expansionists in Congress will not venture to propose that they should be abandoned. The islands contain about as much territory as the States of Oregon and Washington combined, and they abound in natural resources. An energetic American population under an honest government would soon make of them a paradise of fertility. They produce coffee, sugar, rice, Manila hemp, and tobacco, of a high grade.

MANY of our Northwestern volunteers—the men from Minnesota, the two Dakotas, Montana and Washington—have gone to San Francisco to form a part of General Merritt's expedition to Manila. Instead of fighting Spaniards in Cuba, as they expected to do when they enlisted, they will have to tackle them on the

other side of the globe. Their chief enemy, however, will be the tropical climate, but this will be no worse than in Cuba. We cannot help thinking, however, that it would have been wiser to send troops from the Gulf States to the Philippines instead of taking our young Northwestern boys, who have been reared in a good climate, where there is plenty of pure air with lots of ozone in it. It was natural, of course, that the regiments should be taken that were nearest the point of embarkation; and if good, practical doctors are sent along, who will constantly impress on the men the need of sanitary precautions, the mortality from disease need not be heavy, and the superior physique of our fellows may enable them to go through the perils of fever and dysentery better than the men from the South, who are, as a rule, much less robust.

THE change that has taken place in cannon and small arms, from muzzle-loading to breach-loading pieces, makes new tactics necessary. The old "column of attacks," consisting of regiments massed and marching in column of two company fronts, is now obsolete. The new rapid-firing arms would make havoc with such a mass of men. Assaults on earth-works or field batteries are now made in open order, the attacking party creeping up slowly and taking advantage of everything in the way of protection afforded by the ground. It is doubtful whether the old thin line of battle of two ranks will now be maintained in action. Battles will be like skirmishes on a large scale. With the long-range accurate rifles, the figure of a man two miles off is going to make a good target, and a line of men in plain view of a battery would be annihilated. There will be no bayonet charges now, and courage is going to consist not so much in making a dash at the enemy as in lying flat on the ground while the enemy shoots over you or drops his shells into your ranks.

THE American consul at Winnipeg, Manitoba, transmits to the State Department some information concerning the building of new railways in Manitoba. It is the opinion of the consul, based on present indications, that there will be great activity in railroad building in Manitoba this season, for during the recent session of the Manitoba legislative assembly several important measures were enacted designed to encourage railroad building, and as a result some 500 miles of road will be constructed in the not distant future. One line to which aid was extended is the Manitoba & Southeastern, running from the city of Winnipeg to the Lake of the Woods, or to the mouth of the Rainy River. This line is located to a point eighty miles southeast of Winnipeg, and will be completed that far this summer. From that point it will either cross the Lake of the Woods at the Narrows or pass around the south end of the lake to the mouth of the Rainy River, as may be shown to be most feasible by surveys. If the latter course is adopted, the consul says the road will run thirty-five or forty miles through the State of Minnesota. This road is designed to be part of a line connecting Winnipeg with the waters of Lake Superior, and when completed to the Rainy River will, in connection with roads now in operation, lack about sixty miles of making another entire rail route to the lakes. Another line of road to be completed runs from the town of Sifton, on the line of the Lake Manitoba Railway & Canal Company's road, generally known as the Lake Dauphin road, north to the Saskatchewan River, a distance of about 250 miles, being another link added to the long-contemplated Hudson Bay road, which will undoubtedly be

completed in the near future. Both these lines run through good agricultural lands for the greater part of their course, and they will also open up large bodies of timber, and mineral lands of immense value. The Province of Manitoba guarantees the payment of principal and interest on the first mortgage bonds of both lines, to the amount of \$8,000 per mile, and exempts the railroad properties from taxation for a period of thirty years. This is in addition to liberal land grants and subsidies heretofore granted by the Dominion Government.

THE heroes of the Civil War who wanted commissions as generals in the war with Spain, have not succeeded very well in gaining the favorable consideration of the President, and the appointments of brigade and division commanders have, with comparatively few exceptions all been made from the regimental officers of the regular army. The old veterans no doubt thought themselves as good men as ever, but as a matter of fact they are not. Every man of them is over sixty, and General Grant thought himself too old to be a general when he was only forty. Old men lack the superabundant vitality that gives dash and courage. They cannot endure great fatigue, and they are over-cautious. The best age for a general is from thirty-five to forty—young enough to be active and enterprising, and old enough to be prudent and wise. When the Civil War began, a number of old generals who had won fame in Mexico were given commands, but they were all failures in the field. One of them, Patterson, was the cause of the loss of the first battle of Bull Run. He failed to strike Stonewall Jackson and hold him in the Valley; and, by going to the support of Beauregard, Jackson turned the tide of battle against the Northern army. Many of the best generals of the Civil War on both sides had been lieutenants or captains in Mexico; but only thirteen years intervened between that war and the rebellion, whereas it is now thirty-three years since the rebellion closed. We venture to predict that if there is much land fighting in Cuba, the successful commanders who will win fame will be new men and not the old regular army generals who go in command.

ADJUDGED.

Stand forth, my heart, this hour, before my mind's clear seeing.
And take the sentence that is judged as just for thee:
Thou art no mendicant of poor, unhappy being,
Who must with outstretched hand proclaim his poverty.

Stand up before my gaze with full pulsations beating.
Gird on thy armor, thou art surely strong and brave;
Go out and meet life proudly now, no longer weakly seeking
For love's return, or recompense, however thou mayst crave.

Spurn thou the beggar's part; so spurn and rise above it,—
Let no one find thee kneeling at some haughty Dives' gate;
Be thou henceforth the almoner; know thy own power and prove it
By affluence of royal gifts, and largess more than great.

As monarchs scatter gold along their line of transit,
So fling thy bounty forth as careless, full, and free;
As eager beggars from the dust catch up the scattered treasure,
So let the bent world gather up its gifts of thee.

For, lo! the unfathomed sea, its generous dews distilling,
On sun-parched earth its wealth of cloud and rain bestows;
Or river's flood, or river's drouth, its solemn tides unheeding,
The changeless ocean ever, boundless, ebbs and flows.

Dubuque, Ia.

MAUDE MEREDITH.

IN MILWAUKEE'S BUSINESS WORLD.

A STORY OF THE LARGEST TINWARE PLANT IN THE UNITED STATES.

When Kieckhefer Brothers Company established its present immense business in Milwaukee eighteen years ago, no one dreamed that it would one day take rank as the largest tin and enameled-ware concern in all North and South America. Such, however, is the distinguished position it occupies today. The history of this remarkable development, as gathered by THE NORTHWEST MAGAZINE in a personal call upon the president and general manager, Mr. Ferdinand Kieckhefer, is of so interesting a nature that a portion of it is reproduced in this article. In reply to our question, Mr. Kieckhefer said that the business of his company was founded in 1880.

"How much capital was invested in it at that time," we asked.

"It was started by myself and brother," was the reply, "and our capital was \$10,000."

"Do you mean to say that this gigantic plant is the direct outgrowth of that small beginning?"

"Yes; that was the beginning of it, and what you now see has been accomplished in the short space of eighteen years."

"To what is this wonderful growth attributable?"

"To the quality and great variety of our wares, to a unity of interests from president to the lowliest employee, and to perfected system and economical yet aggressive management."

Thus, in a few plain words, did the head of this great manufacturing plant place in our possession the key-note to the company's success. The pieced tinware, copper ware, black and galvanized steel ware, plain and retinned stamped ware, Japanned ware, granite steel ware, etc., made by Kieckhefer Brothers Company, are standard throughout the United States. The idea has been, from the very outset, to manufacture only the best of wares. Thus reputation was made, and as this grew the plant grew too. Each year saw the business

assuming still greater magnitude. System and good management became imperative. It is not a co-operative institution, but every one of the 1,200 employees seems to take a personal interest in the perfection of his individual work and in the welfare of the company that employs him.

Escorted by the manager, and all agog with expectation, we were permitted to visit the workshops and to see the many departments in actual operation. This visit involved a regular journey. The plant has a continuous frontage of 600 feet—two full blocks. Its width is 350 feet, and nearly all the buildings are five stories in height. There are 420,000 square feet of floorage—equal to a surface area of ten acres. The whole plant is simply an immense aggregation of ingeniously contrived mechanism and industrial skill. There are scores upon scores of machines that do their work with absolute precision and almost human intelligence. The equipment of the plant leaves nothing lacking. It has no equal in the country. In it is invested a round \$1,250,000 and a world of practical experience. The property occupied is alone worth \$600,000. This huge capital, this vast property interest, and these numerous workshops and employees, are controlled by consummate generalship. First, come the officers of the company; then follow the skilled and trusted foremen or superintendents of the various manufacturing departments; and not of least importance are the talented designers and inventors of machinery used in the works. Many of these machines know no duplicates outside of this plant; they are owned, and their manufacture is controlled, by the Kieckhefer Brothers Company solely and absolutely. To see them at work turning out the infinite variety of household utensils made by this company—turning them out by the thousands of pieces every day, one can understand how it is that this Milwaukee plant can supply wares for the entire Union and transact a volume of business amounting to two millions of dollars per annum.

Only a hint of what is to be seen in these immense factories can be given in this brief space. The plant is provided with its own water-works, electric light, heating, telephone and fire systems, and the machinery is operated by both electrical and steam power. No parlor is cleaner than the Kieckhefer Brothers Company's large engine-room, and no battery of boilers is better able to generate an all-sufficient supply of motive power. Suspension bridges connect the separated portions of the plant, capacious elevators are operated wherever needed, and the railway trackage facilities are beyond criticism. Tracks run into the yards and connect with lines running to every State and Territory in the country. So perfectly systematized are all these separate business agencies that they are operated without the slightest confusion and without any evident strain. The officers of the company must be very busy men, yet they always seem to have time to receive one and to listen courteously to what one may have to say. This goes to show that they are not driven by annoying details—that they have their vast business interests in such control that they are perfect masters of them.

Kieckhefer Brothers Company, as intimated before, has no limited field of action. Its wares are sold to jobbers and extensive retailers in all parts of the United States. Fifteen men or more are kept busy on the road constantly, visiting customers and taking orders. The increase of business has really been phenomenal. There never has been a falling off in it. Even in the panic years, when nearly all lines of business were affected and the general manufacturing industries of the country were paralyzed, this solid Milwaukee concern kept right on growing larger and larger. Such continuous growth is not due to chance; it is the result of a business that is splendidly managed, and of wares that are manufactured to hold any trade that is once won. Few business men can look back upon eighteen years of such remarkable progress. It is not a long time, and it is therefore all the more eloquent of brilliant achievement. That first ten thousand dollars has been multiplied many times. It has grown to mil-



THE IMMENSE MANUFACTURING PLANT OF KIECKHEFER BROTHERS COMPANY, IN MILWAUKEE.



PLANT OF THE CELEBRATED BRADLEY & METCALF CO.,
JOBBER AND MANUFACTURERS OF BOOTS AND SHOES,
MILWAUKEE.

ions, and a princely manufacturing plant stands as a monument to the wisdom and energy of the men whose courage and confidence led them to invest it on the historic shores of Lake Michigan. They had their struggles, doubtless, but out of it all has come wealth, honor, elegant homes, and those other joys and emoluments which follow in the wake of realized ambition.

THE NORTHWEST'S PIONEER BOOT AND SHOE MANUFACTORY.

When a representative of this magazine visited the city of Milwaukee recently to cast an eye over the progress made therein during the past half century, he was scarcely prepared for the many surprises that awaited him in Cream City industrial lines. One of these surprises greeted him upon entering the great shoe factory of the Bradley & Metcalf Company, a concern whose name is known the whole country over. Seeking the secretary and treasurer, Mr. W. N. Fitzgerald, an interview followed in which many questions were asked.

"You have a very extensive business, Mr. Fitzgerald," the representative said; "when was it founded?"

"It was founded way back in 1843," was the ready answer.

"In 1843? That was fifty-five years ago—five years before the Territory of Wisconsin became a State. Do you mean to say that the founding of this business antedates that event by half a decade?"

"That is it exactly. This business was in existence then, and it is in a very healthy condition now."

"You must take pretty high rank among the old houses of this part of the country," was suggested.

"We do. This is the oldest, and therefore the pioneer, boot and shoe manufactory in the Northwest."

"To whom does the business owe its early establishment?"

"To C. T. Bradley and William H. Metcalf, whose names constitute the firm's sign-manual to this day."

This was interesting. Bradley and Metcalf, two of Milwaukee's pioneers, had devoted their lives to the upbuilding of this house, and had made their names as familiar as household words over a broad extent of country. As a matter of fact, their firm name was so synonymous with all that stands for honesty, that it guaranteed the excellent quality of their goods wherever sold. It signified so much that it has never been superseded by any other firm style. Though incorporation followed and the

personnel of the company has varied from time to time, the old name still does duty and will project itself into the nineteenth century with as much vigor and influence as it was wont to exercise nearly two generations ago.

It is seen that this vast business did not grow up in a day. It did experience rapid development, however, and it has always occupied a leading position among its competitors. Today the Bradley & Metcalf Company stands at the head of one of the proudest and largest industries on the Milwaukee shore of Lake Michigan. It fills and crowds an immense building that was constructed expressly for it. The accompanying illustration of the factory shows it to be modern in every respect. The ground area is 150x100 feet, and the structure is

six stories and basement in height. This gives an actual floor space of nearly two and a half acres. Go into the general offices on the first floor and you will find them spacious, well furnished, and provided with all up-to-date facilities for the transaction of an enormous business. Enter the sample and stock-rooms and you will again see how admirably adapted everything is to the purposes of the company and for the convenience of its thousands of patrons. Keep on going and you will at last reach the great factory floors. It will be noticed that the entire building is steam-heated, perfectly ventilated and electric lighted. The operatives are not permitted to suffer for want of good air and proper illumination—whether it be day or night. From basement to roof, the graceful yet massive building is exactly suited to the needs of the company that occupies it.

"You are well housed," the visitor remarked; "now tell me something about the goods you make."

The secretary knew all about the lines manufactured, and gave the desired information in short order. It seemed to the listener that there were very few things in the boot and shoe world that the Bradley & Metcalf Company did not manufacture. He certainly did not miss anything. The goods made are of all kinds and sizes, and for all sorts of people. The company must have lasts innumerable. There is footwear for men, footgear for women and misses, and every description of foot covering for boys, girls, and little tots. If one wishes to sort the goods into special lines, one will find specially-made goods for farmers, and a special line for loggers, lumbermen, and workers in mills and camps. It may be well to emphasize the fact that the company makes a specialty of these heavy-grade goods. Miners', loggers' and lumbermen's boots and shoes need to be made of stronger and heavier material than those worn in towns and cities, and the Bradley & Metcalf Company's line of these goods is so well adapted to their needs that it has become extremely popular throughout the whole Northwest. The same quality of footwear is made for the company's extensive trade in far-off Alaska, which is increasing in importance every year.

Then there are complete lines of lighter and more stylish and elegantly made shoes for gentlemen dressers. These comprise all the latest styles of lasts and the very finest qualities of the various kinds of leather used in high-grade footwear. They are machine-sewed, with Goodyear and hand welt, and have no superiors in the country.

For ladies, misses, and children, there are splendid lines of grain, kangaroo, calf, kid, and

all other kinds of shoes in standard widths, both screw and McKay sewed, and a magnificent line of ladies' fine kid shoes that are machine-sewed, Goodyear welted, hand-turned, and in all styles and widths from "A" to "EE." What attracts one's attention to these lines of shoes is their perfect style, superb finish, elegant appearance, and the unfailing evidence of skilled workmanship seen in them. There are no culls. Every pair of shoes has been inspected. When these goods go upon the market they are bound to please—for the simple reason that they are thoroughly well made.

Properly speaking, this great factory should be subdivided into three factories, for this is what it amounts to. The heavy work, such as miners', loggers', lumbermen's and farmers' footwear, is made in one factory, the fine shoes for men and boys are turned out in another factory, and a third department is devoted to the company's lines of shoes for women, misses and children. This is the method that has been pursued by the Bradley & Metcalf Company for years. It insures a more skillful and higher grade of workmanship every way, and is one powerful reason for the universal popularity of the products of this pioneer Milwaukee factory. So far as the factory equipment is concerned, it is not surpassed by any in the Union. Hundreds of the most modern machines are used, the entire plant is lighted by electricity, and each department is under the close supervision of a competent superintendent, and subject to the most perfect system. There are five hundred to five hundred and fifty operatives employed constantly in the factories, and the capacity of the plant is 4,000 complete pairs of shoes per day, 24,000 pairs per week, or 1,248,000 pairs per annum.

"What is the yearly volume of your business in dollars and cents?" the secretary was asked.

"It exceeds two millions," he replied, "and is increasing steadily. Our present trade is very satisfactory. The country is prosperous, and we are once more assuming an aggressive attitude and extending our territory wherever possible."

"What do you call 'your territory'?"

"Well, we keep thirty traveling salesmen on the road, and they sell to the trade from the Gulf of Mexico on the south to the Great Lakes on the north and east and in all the Northwestern States clear through to the Pacific Coast."

No further explanation was needed in order to enable the visitor to understand how the Bradley & Metcalf Company can dispose of the enormous annual product of its factories. Nor are these goods all that are sold by them. The house also carries in stock a very full line of Eastern-made foot-wear. These are in cheaper grades than the shoes of its own manufacture, the object being to supply the trade with every grade of goods demanded by geographical needs and peculiarities. No matter what boot and shoe men want, the Bradley & Metcalf Company is in position to accommodate them—even to the celebrated Candee rubbers.

The personnel of the company as now constituted, which was organized in 1890, is as



A FAMOUS AND WIDELY-KNOWN TRADE-MARK.



THE DAVID ADLER & SONS CLOTHING COMPANY, MILWAUKEE, WIS.—WHOLESALE MANUFACTURERS OF HIGH-GRADE CLOTHING.

follows: President, H. W. Heinrichs; vice-president, E. T. Bradley; secretary and treasurer, W. N. Fitzgerald. President Heinrichs has the reputation of being one of the most expert manufacturers and judges of leather in the country, and all the factory work is subjected to his personal oversight. They are all strong men in point of business experience and commercial influence, and the interests managed by them so successfully are fostered and fortified by ample capital. With the certain advantages to be derived from nearness to Milwaukee's great tanneries, and possessing the very best of shipping facilities by rail and by water to all parts of the United States, there is no reason why the business of the Bradley & Metcalf Company should not add other millions to its annual volume of trade and round out the full century of its grand existence.

ITS NAME IS KNOWN FROM COAST TO COAST.

Milwaukee enjoys the distinction of possessing a larger number of manufacturing plants of national repute than any other American city of equal population. Among these well-known establishments is the David Adler & Sons Clothing Company, whose fame as makers of high-grade clothing extends throughout the entire country. The business was founded in

1849. David Adler is president of the company, Emanuel D. Adler first vice-president, S. D. Adler second vice-president, H. M. Oberndorfer secretary, I. D. Adler treasurer. Our illustration shows the fine eight-story building occupied by the company at the corner of East Water and Huron streets, Milwaukee, but it does not show all the factory facilities at the command of the house.

This great business has been established on merit. The David Adler & Sons Clothing Company's name is familiar to dealers in men's, youths' and children's wearing apparel from coast to coast. You can not tell the goods made by this company from the most exclusive merchant-tailor-made garments. The Adler brand on a suit of clothes or an overcoat stamps them as perfect in style, fit, and finish. The company does lots of judicious advertising, too, and as a result its volume of business for 1898, as it has for years past, shows a steady and gratifying increase over preceding years.

A BIT OF NORTHWESTERN HARDWARE HISTORY.

It is universally admitted that hardware stores are a public necessity. There could be but little progress in this world without them. Nearly all material advancement is promoted,

and virtually held together and maintained, by wares which must be obtained of dealers in what is generally described as hardware. Doubtless it is due largely to these facts that the Wm. Frankfurth Hardware Company of Milwaukee has attained its present huge proportions. The business was founded on a very small scale by Wm. Frankfurth in 1861, thirty-seven years ago. He was a man of great prominence in public life as well as in business circles, and was well-known throughout the whole Northwestern country. His death occurred in Vienna, Austria, in 1891. In 1885 the business was incorporated and preparations were made to extend its operations in every direction. That the policy of the company has been energetic and aggressive, is evidenced by the fact that its large force of traveling salesmen now cover Wisconsin, Michigan, Illinois, Iowa, Minnesota, and the Northwestern States generally.

The large building at 116 and 118 Clybourn Street is 50x200 feet in dimensions and five stories and basement in height, and separate warehouses furnish additional facilities for the storage and handling of staple articles of merchandise. Upon visiting the establishment, one sees that the stock comprises immense lines of shelf hardware, house-furnishing goods, cutlery, bicycles, tin plate, mechanics' and edge tools, builders' outfits in all styles, farm tools, fishing-tackle, and all other goods usually carried by large wholesale hardware houses. Lorenz Maschauer is president of the Wm. Frankfurth Hardware Company, Wm. Jahns is vice-president, and Erwin Foerster is secretary and treasurer. It would be difficult to name a stronger trio of men—men who hold higher rank in Milwaukee's business and social circles. The age of the house, its honorable and successful career, its splendid location and its unsurpassed shipping facilities to every portion of the country, are influences which keep it well to the front as one of the leading and most popular wholesale hardware houses in the great Northwest. It has always had character and reputation. Its resources are ample, and its business connections are such that it handles and not infrequently controls the best and most popular lines of hardware goods manufactured. The management, which is in the hands of President Maschauer, who has been with the firm since 1861, gives to the house an individuality and a perfection of business methods which are very influential factors in the commercial world. There has been no backward movement. The company's volume of trade this year is fifty per cent larger than it was in 1897, and even a great deal better than it was in 1892, the last good year prior to the panic.



WM. FRANKFURTH HARDWARE COMPANY, MILWAUKEE.

MILWAUKEE'S GREAT BOOT AND SHOE MANUFACTORIES.

It is not at all difficult to explain Milwaukee's solid standing among the commercial cities of the country. The first great care of the jobbers and manufacturers doing business there is to merit the confidence of the consuming public. In manufacturing, especially, the ruling idea seems to be quality rather than cheapness, and this is an idea that has made Milwaukee famous. Down at 230-232 East Water Street, in that city, are the offices and salesrooms of the F. Mayer Boot & Shoe Company, wholesale manufacturers of some of the most popular lines of footwear in the Union. The success of this big house aptly illustrates what is meant by "meriting confidence," for it is due almost entirely to the care which it has taken to make boots and shoes that cannot be beaten by any factory in America. The business was established seventeen years ago. It was not a very big business then, but the company made the right kind of footwear, and the volume of business kept growing larger and larger each year. Time and again was the company forced to seek enlarged quarters and increased facilities. It now operates two big factories, one at First and Walnut streets, where ladies', misses' and children's shoes are made, the other at Elm and Thirtieth streets, where the footwear for men, youths and boys



is manufactured. In the first factory 250 operatives find steady employment, and in the other factory is a force that never falls below 150 in number. Take a run through these factories and you will note that their equipment is thoroughly modern and absolutely perfect to the smallest detail. The operatives are trained in their work, and the various foremen and superintendents are among the most skillful and expert boot and shoe makers in the country. The strictest system prevails. Imperfect work is not tolerated, for the aim of the company is to turn out the highest grade of goods possible.

Ask a member of the company what kind of goods are manufactured and he will tell you that the output comprises just about everything in the boot and shoe line for men, women and young folks. Men's fine, dress shoes are made in all sizes and styles, and a very superior line of footwear is manufactured for the use of lumbermen, loggers, miners, and farmers. The same is true of the goods made for youths and children. They possess style, shapeliness, finish, and are made on every description and every width of last. In ladies', misses' and girls' wear the company shows a superlatively fine variety of goods. They have that elegance of contour—that gracefulness which one loves to see in such articles of dress, and their finish is hard to equal anywhere. One doesn't run upon coarse-looking, awkwardly-

made shoes in these factories of the F. Mayer Boot & Shoe Company, as a glance at the accompanying illustrations will show. All the lines of medium and higher priced goods represent the best in the market; they are what the people ask for at the hands of dealers, and have become very popular in all sections. In special lines are the "Milwaukee custom-made oil-grain shoes" and "kangaroo calf" and "reindeer-skin" goods. Only selected materials are used in the factories. It must be remembered that more leather is manufactured in the Cream City than anywhere else in the world, and from these huge leather-making establishments the Mayer Boot & Shoe Company can obtain the choicest of materials in unlimited quantities.

Lots of hides are required to keep the company's factories supplied with leather, calfskin,



STYLES OF SHOES MADE BY THE F. MAYER BOOT & SHOE CO., OF MILWAUKEE.

etc. The manufacturing capacity of the two plants is about 4,000 pairs of shoes per day. Twenty-four traveling representatives sell these goods all through Iowa, Nebraska and Colorado in addition to Wisconsin, Minnesota and the regular territory of the Northwestern and Pacific Coast States. Quite recently the company completed arrangements for working California regularly, thus adding that distant State to its field of operation. Montana headquarters are in Helena and in charge of William Jahn; North Dakota is worked from Grand Forks by H. S. Chase, Jr., while at Seattle is a branch house in which a big stock of goods is carried for the States of Washington, Oregon, and the new California field. It is from Seattle, also, that the Alaska trade is supplied—a trade which grows in volume every year, and for

which special lines of footwear are made. Some of the largest supply houses in Alaska are customers of this great Milwaukee company. But the business is not limited to United States territory; it extends across the ocean to Australia, where so great a reputation has been established for the F. Mayer Boot & Shoe Company's goods that a regular agency will hereafter be required in Melbourne. It is possible that other Northwestern shoe manufacturers are thus distinguished, but there is no record of such a state of affairs.

All this goes to show great enterprise. Back of the company's wonderful growth is ever-increasing demand—a demand created by the company's methods of transacting business. Given first-class products and a careful but pushing management, such as this concern is possessed of, and there is practically no limit to the field of action; it becomes merely a question of manufacturing capacity. Doubtless the company's special lines of manufacture have a good deal of influence upon the general business. Mayer's "school-shoes," for instance, designed for boys and girls, are standard wherever sold. There is an old saying connected with them to the effect that "they wear like iron." As a matter of fact, all the goods made by this strong house are regarded as very superior to the less carefully made Eastern goods. Western manufacturers understand Western needs better than Eastern men do. The boots



and shoes turned out by the Mayer Company are especially adapted to the requirements of the Western and Northwestern trade. Climate, temperature, atmosphere, are each considered, and the result is seen in footwear that is exactly suited to climatic and racial peculiarities. In connection with these higher-grade goods, however, are full and very complete lines of the cheaper Eastern-made wear, which the F. Mayer Boot & Shoe Company carry in its jobbing stock. This enables the house to satisfy every possible need of its many customers. A look through the spacious salesrooms will also reveal the fact that this same company has the sole Milwaukee agency for the far-famed Wales-Goodyear rubbers. The great stock is lacking in no respect. It is put in evidence as proof of the statement that this Milwaukee boot and shoe establishment takes high rank among the largest and most influential footwear manufacturing concerns in the Union.

The F. Mayer Boot & Shoe Company was incorporated in 1884 and is now officered as follows: President, Fred J. Mayer; vice-president, Adam J. Mayer; secretary and treasurer, G. P. Mayer. It is scarcely necessary to say that they are full of business energy, ability and ambition, for their grand success attests this far more eloquently than pen can do. Nor is it necessary to say that they are men who occupy prominent positions in the commercial

and social circles of the Cream City. They can look back upon their seventeen years' work with honest satisfaction. In it they have achieved that which comes to few men in so brief a period—a commercial and industrial greatness which places them among the city's most conspicuous benefactors. For he who builds factories, equips workshops and furnishes employment to wage-earners and eaters of bread, is a public benefactor in the highest sense of the word and should be esteemed accordingly.

THE PERFECTION OF RAILWAY EQUIPMENT.

The two splendid new trains, happily named "The Pioneer Limited," which the Barney & Smith Car Company have constructed for the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway Company, are ready for service between Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Paul, and Minneapolis, and a private view proves the assertion that they are as magnificent a product of the car-builder's art as has ever yet been exhibited. These duplicate trains consist of the usual mail, express, and baggage cars (the latter furnished with bicycle racks, and carrying a Westinghouse engine and dynamo to furnish power for the electric lighting of the entire train), buffet-smoking and library cars, standard sleepers, compartment sleepers, dining-cars, parlor-cars, day coaches, and reclining chair-cars. Entrance to each car is by way of massive "flush" vestibules, finished in San Domingo mahogany, the elegance of which is but a hint of the superb display within.

The buffet smoking-cars are composed of a main apartment, a card-room, and buffet. They are finished in St. Jago mahogany, carefully selected for its color and beauty, richly carved and inlaid with the most delicate and elaborate marquetry work. Months were consumed in

preparing this most beautiful of inlaid wood-work, styled marquetry, and the forests of the world have been drawn upon for material, including such rare and beautiful woods as the tulip, amaranth, primavera, saffron, olive, cocobola, white holly, and English oak in natural colors. Each car is furnished with luxurious chairs, sofa, reading and writing-tables, together with all the accessories and conveniences of a home library. The card-room is divided from the main apartment by Ionic columns, supporting an arch in which is set a handsome bronze grill. This little room is further embellished by handsome mirrors, set in frames elaborate with carving and marquetry.

The ceiling is done in a warm Venetian red at the lower line, shading out to a soft apricot tint at the highest point, and decorated in bright colors with gold markings. The dome is lighted through sparkling cathedral glass in diamond-shaped panes set in a copper framework. The floor covering is a heavy Wilton carpet of special weave, showing the colors employed in the decorations; the chairs are upholstered in moquette plush, in a soft shade of green to harmonize with the window and door hangings, which are of green silk velour, satin lined, and edged with heavy silk gimp and draped with a rich silk cord and tassels. The effect produced by these lustrous fabrics, together with the rare inlaid work and delicate carving, is marvelously elegant.

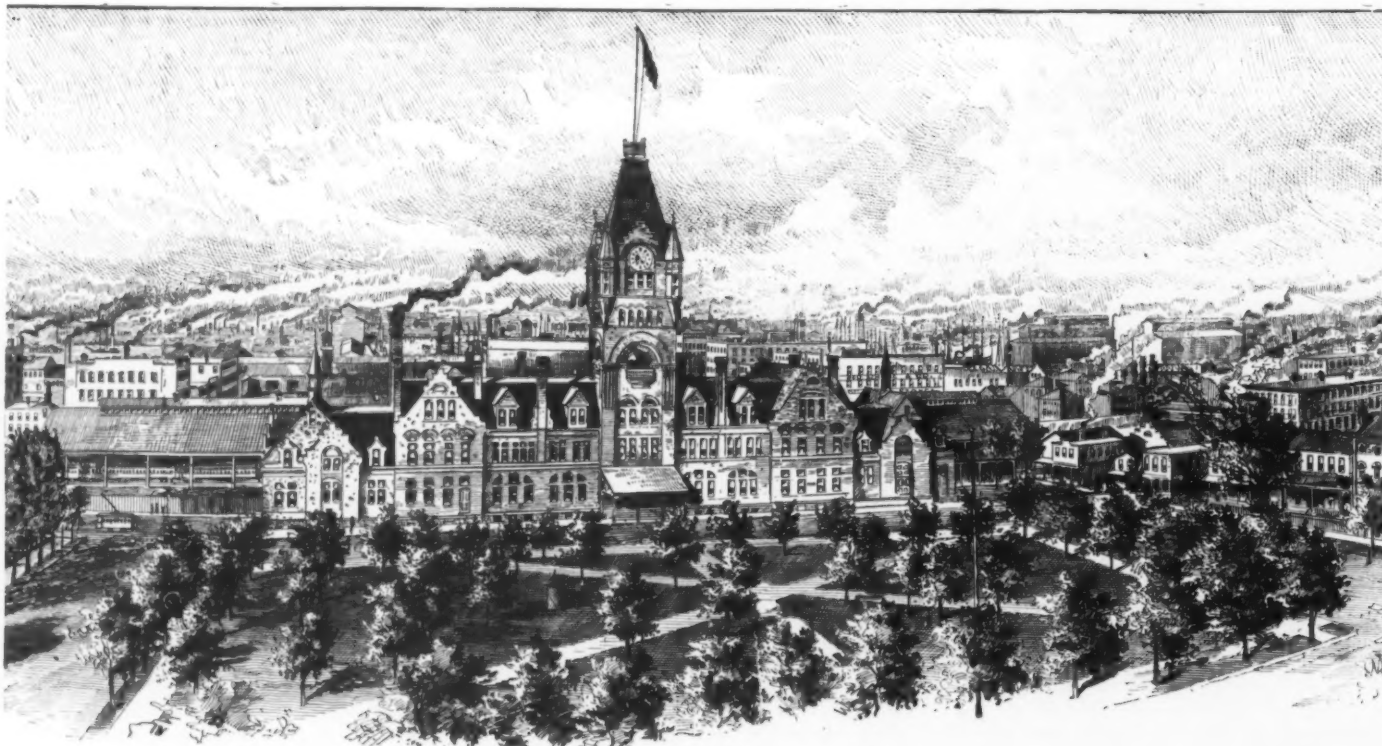
The style used in the ornamentation throughout the trains is the Empire, with a suggestion of the classic Greek, a combination peculiarly adapted to producing rich effects.

The standard sleepers are massive structures constructed on a model to emphasize a lofty ideal, and displaying in detail the architectural perfection prevalent throughout the train. They contain sixteen sections, commodious smoking-rooms and toilet-rooms at either end.

The long perspective in the main drawing-room is divided in the middle of the car by ornate Corinthian columns, resting on richly inlaid pedestals, and from the entablatures spring the arches supporting the ceiling. In the arches are placed oxidized grill-work of special design. These cars are finished in dark padouk or vermilion wood, the ceilings done in dainty robin's-egg blue, ornamented with a design in gold and bright color. The bulk-heads and berth panels are the choicest specimens of padouk, highly polished and elaborately decorated with marquetry, each design adapted to its particular place. A slight departure from the Empire style in the marquetry allows the introduction of a Greek pattern on the entablatures.

The color used in the draperies in these cars is blue, expressing a gradual rise from a rich old blue in the magnificent Wilton carpet, a lighter shading in the moquette plush of the upholstery, to the delicate color of the ceiling. The upholstery has a minute scroll pattern, made from original designs, and the hangings are of exquisite silk velour, lined with satin and edged with silk gimp. The toilet-rooms are large and fitted with solid nickeline fixtures of the latest approved pattern. In the ladies' toilet-room is placed, between the corner wash-stands, a dainty dressing-case, with drawers, lockers, and a large mirror, while on the opposite wall is a pier-glass extending to the floor.

The compartment cars consist of seven double compartments and two drawing-rooms, divided in the center by a corridor. The compartments, in suites of two or more rooms, are finished in different woods—padouk, St. Jago mahogany, and Circassian walnut, and the colors of the draperies used in connection with the different woods are in perfect artistic harmony. With the padouk is used a delicate blue; with the mahogany a soft, warm olive; while with the walnut is a happy combination of warm



MILWAUKEE'S HANDSOME UNION DEPOT.

The Union Depot in Milwaukee is generally called locally the St. Paul Depot, because it is owned by the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railroad Company, commonly called the St. Paul Road. It is a very handsome structure of pressed red brick with brown stone trimmings, and stands in the heart of the city, only two squares from the chief business thoroughfare. Immediately in front is a cheerful little park, with shrubbery, trees, and well-kept greensward. The big train-shed attached to the station accommodates all the passenger trains of both the C., M. & St. P. and the Wisconsin Central road. The traveler is sure to be pleased with the good order and comfort of the interior of the station, the cleanliness of the place, and the absence of annoyance from hotel runners and impudent hackmen around the building. There are carriages and busses at the door for those who want them, and a street-car line is only one block away. Besides, it is only five minutes' walk to two of the best hotels in the city. People are very apt to get their first impressions of a city from the station where they arrive, and whoever comes into Milwaukee at the Union Depot will form a favorable opinion of the place and conclude that it is characterized by both good order and good taste.

walnut brown, Venetian red, and delicate cream.

The marquetry and carving in these cars is of the most elaborate description, and in quantity alone is worth a king's ransom, while its quality and beauty eclipse anything ever seen heretofore. The Empire style is followed exclusively, and the graceful wreaths, garlands, draperies, torches, etc., done in fine and minute detail, carefully shaded and marvelously wrought (not painted), are peculiarly appropriate to these charming rooms. The rich carpets complement the side and ceiling decorations; the upholstery is of equal richness, and in the midst of such a riot of elaborate beauty the eye is allowed to rest on lustrous silk curtains of plain, delicate color, matching in tint the perfect Oriental bloom on the carpets and upholstery. The corridors are finished in padouk, handsomely inlaid, and effectively set off by the blue color which has throughout been combined with that wood. Each compartment is fitted with toilet facilities, and the drawing-rooms have the usual separate toilet-rooms.

The day coaches have some new features, contributing alike to comfort and elegance. They are finished in Mexican mahogany, handsomely decorated with carving and marquetry; the ceilings done in green, with effective geometrical designs. The seats are of new pattern, upholstered in rich plush, and the aisle is carpeted with moquette, especially designed for "The Pioneer Limited Trains." Each coach is provided with a large smoking-room, furnished with rattan chairs. On the bulk-heads in the main apartment are handsome mirrors, under each of which a sofa is placed. Toilet-rooms for ladies and gentlemen are located at either end of the car.

The parlor-cars consist of a main drawing-room, smoking apartments at either end, and the usual toilet-rooms. Each car is finished in San Domingo mahogany, richly carved; the ceiling is painted in warm apricot tints, lightening towards the center, and decorated with a graceful pattern done in gold. These cars are furnished in cool greens, the carpet of a dark shade, imported Wilton; the upholstery a somewhat lighter tone in the same color, of moquette plush, and the draperies are of exquisite India silk damask in green and white.

The reclining chair-cars are finished in mahogany, supplied with sumptuous toilet accessories and a commodious smoking-room, the seats being upholstered in leather. The color scheme is kept in cool green, contrasting well with the mahogany finish. The main apartment is furnished with the "Scaritt" patent reclining chairs, covered in moquette plush, and the aisle is carpeted with Wilton velvet carpet of special design.

The main room of the dining-car is a handsome apartment, finished in mahogany, richly carved, and decorated with marquetry. Done in Empire style, the color is kept in the cool sage greens, softening toward the ceiling, where the high lights reach a delicate silvery tint. The draperies are in admirable harmony with the color scheme. The floor covering is a dark-green Wilton carpet; the window hangings rich silk plush, falling in deep, soft folds. The tables are covered with



MILWAUKEE'S HUGE EXPOSITION BUILDING.

heavy Irish satin damask of acanthus leaf and snow-drop pattern, set with Haviland china, decorated with the dainty St. Cloud pattern, and silverware, made to an especial design, displaying the rare old English oval shapes, varied by the use of the fluted corners, and finished with a graceful rococo border.

All of the cars are electric lighted, steam-heated, and the metal finishings are in handsome old bronze, made from special designs.

The method of the electric-lighting is unique. For emergencies, and in addition to the regular dynamo, under each car is located an auxiliary battery sufficient to light a dozen or more lamps in each car. This battery is connected with the main switch-box, and when the dynamo is running it is continually being charged, and is therefore ready for instantaneous use. In connection with the electric fittings, the ladies' toilet-rooms are supplied with patent fixtures for heating curling-irons.

The exterior of these trains is unusually beautiful, all the cars being painted a deep, rich yellow in different shades, and finished in gold. The panel decorations and stripings are noticeably elegant, including the Empire designs adapted to conventional figures.

The sleeping-cars are four inches wider and

six inches higher than cars of the standard used hitherto, and this additional size is at once apparent in the interior, where the added "head-room" between the lower and upper berths, and width of berth and seating space is a marked and most comfortable special feature. None of the sleeping-cars is less than seventy-two feet in length, and each complete train, when made up for its every-night run between Chicago and the Twin Cities, is longer than the longest city block. The fastest and most powerful locomotives are required to haul these absolutely perfect trains over one of the smoothest tracks in America; and the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway has the track, the locomotives, and the trains.

Another special feature is the electric light placed over the vestibule doors. Enclosed in an ornamental case, it lights the entire platform, so that the steps may be used in the night without danger or inconvenience.

The actual cost of these two unsurpassed trains is said to be \$250,000.

A STRONG MILWAUKEE ENGRAVING CO.

The advertisement of the Boardman Engraving Company, found elsewhere in this issue, keeps before the public one of the prominent houses in this line in the Central Northwest. It claims to be the oldest house of the kind in Milwaukee and to have the largest plant in the city, it having been built to order; and, as only first-class men are employed, the product cannot well be other than the best.

The company's specialties are half-tone and zinc etchings. In a publication just issued, which contains over three hundred cuts and in which grouping has been made an interesting feature, it is clearly shown where artistic effects can be produced, and the public press has made reference to the superiority of this work, which redounds so much to the credit of this enterprising house. Mere mechanical work will not produce this pleasing and attractive work without the hand and eye of an artist is shown.

Work in the making of half-tones has made rapid strides in the last decade, and the engraving house that does not keep abreast of the changes will fall to the rear. The honesty and reliability of the Boardman Engraving Com-



HOME OF THE BOARDMAN ENGRAVING COMPANY, MILWAUKEE.

pany is unquestioned, and, if faithfulness and hard work will make success, they can be counted among the "Four Hundred."

A LAKE MICHIGAN PASSENGER STEAMER.

To see the great lake steamers coming into Milwaukee Harbor or approaching one of the many river landings in the heart of the city is a spectacle of which one never tires. They are of all degrees of bigness and elegance, from the jaunty and light-constructed excursion or picnic steamer to the larger and more majestic craft which plow the waters of Lake Michigan between Milwaukee, Chicago, and the other important ports. One of these latter vessels is the "Christopher Columbus," a whaleback passenger steamer which belongs to the Chicago & Milwaukee Transportation Company and plies between the Cream City and Chicago. It was built for the World's Fair, and was one of the chief attractions of that period. Staunch, swift, luxuriously equipped and under the command of skilled and gentlemanly officers, it is one of the favorite boats running between the two cities. The trip requires only a few hours, and naught is more delightfully resting and soothing. The cool, dustless air, the broad expanse of water, the swift movement of the steamer as she cuts her way through the billows, lend interest and add enjoyment to a passage that is pronounced all too brief when one finally goes ashore. It is a lake voyage that every visitor to Milwaukee or Chicago should take. The expense is small, the satisfaction great.

WHERE BUILDING MATERIAL COMES FROM.

It may not be generally known that the largest manufacturers of lime in this country are stockholders of The Northwestern Lime Company at 71 and 72 Lower Levee, in St. Paul. The business represented by this company was founded in St. Paul as far back as 1866. In 1885 it was incorporated under its present management, and it is growing in business strength and importance every day. As wholesale dealers in lime, plaster, and all the different kinds of foreign and domestic cements, The Northwestern Lime Company has built up a very extensive business throughout a wide territory. It has a warehouse at Minnesota Transfer, another in Minneapolis, and a third in Duluth. The one at Minnesota Transfer, midway between St. Paul and Minneapolis, is 300 feet long by forty feet in width, and has trackage on either side of it. The company owns it. The corporation is also connected with the Western Lime & Cement Company of Milwaukee, the Marblehead Lime Company of Chicago, and the Cook & Brown Lime Company of Oshkosh, Wis. So far as trade is concerned, it is pleasing to know that the company's volume of business now is greater than it was in the good year 1892, before the panic, and actually double that of 1897. This evinces excellent management as well as choiceness of the building material sold.

A LIVE SOUTH DAKOTA TOWN.

There is probably not a town of its size in the Northwest that transacts the shipping business

that Eureka does, the terminus of the Milwaukee road northwest of Aberdeen. From August first to December 31, 1897, there were received and shipped from the station 1,402 cars of wheat and 175 cars of flax, or a total of 1,577. At a low estimate each car will average 650 bushels, thus making a grand total of 1,025,050 bushels. A comparative statement also shows a well-defined increase in the stock-shipping business. During 1897 there were shipped from Eureka 187 cars of cattle, 48 cars of hogs and 26 cars of sheep, making a total shipment of 261 cars, as against 146 cars for 1896. In 1896 Eureka shipped 43,270 pounds of wool, and in 1897 85,870 pounds. During the past year 406,065 pounds of butter were shipped out, also 3,000 cases of eggs, or 105,080 dozens. The number of cars of lumber received during the year was 375. As nothing tends to more fully demonstrate the prosperous condition of a country than the fact that a large amount of building material is handled and wrought into substantial buildings, the figures last given have much significance.—Leeds (N. D.) Review.

PLENTY OF DEER YET.—Wisconsin statistics show that 12,820 hunters ranged the woods of that State during the twenty days of the open deer season last fall, and that in the neighborhood of 24,000 deer were killed by them. Other authorities place the number as high as 30,000. The hunters' licenses, at one dollar per man, amounted to \$12,820. It hardly seems possible that so many deer still roam the woodlands of the Badger State, but the figures given are reliable and must be credited.



CORNER OF WORKROOM IN SESSIONS & BELL'S EMPORIUM OF TAXIDERMY, NORFOLK, NEB.

The above cut represents a corner of the workroom of Sessions & Bell, taxidermists at Norfolk, Neb., whose emporium of taxidermy was established some twenty-five years ago. These gentlemen follow taxidermy as a business,—not as collectors and distributors,—doing nothing but job-work. They have done work for the Smithsonian Institute at Washington, and for many of the leading and well-known colleges both East and West. They pay special attention to the natural pose of birds and animals, and in all their work strive for perfection and lasting and permanent qualities. No careless work is done, but each process of mounting is completed before the next one is begun. If desired, heads and antlers of game animals and specimens of birds and mammals will be procured and mounted. They also make to order beautiful floorrugs from the skins of mountain-lions, bear, bay lynx, wolves, etc., and guarantee the very finest workmanship. Interested parties will find it profitable to correspond with them. They are prepared to fill orders of any magnitude, large or small, promptly and satisfactorily.



PEERLESS JR., NO. 62962.

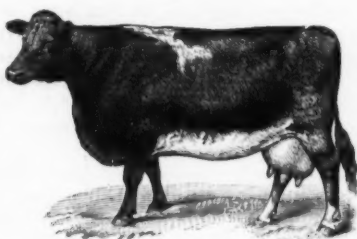
"SPRINGDALE," THE HILLS THOROUGHbred STOCK FARM AND GAME PRESERVE.

While speaking of farming-lands in the Black Hills, attention is directed to The Hills Thoroughbred Stock Farm and Game Preserve, located on Box Elder Creek, four and one-half miles west of Black Hawk station on the Elkhorn Railroad, and appropriately named "Springdale." In various parts of the west, ranches are found where large numbers of purebred cattle are raised. These ranches exist because of the constant effort on the part of those who raise cattle to sell for food to improve the quality of their herds so as not only to maintain prices and quality in this country, but to compete in the English markets with importations of cattle from other countries, especially from the Argentine Republic. This ranch, originally located in 1878 by Dr. E. F. Doty, has been purchased by Captain David Hill, who was attracted by the healthful climate, pure water, and sheltered location.

The great specialty on this ranch is the raising of Hereford and Polled Durham cattle, and deer. A picture of Peerless Jr., No. 62962, "Head of the Herd" of the first named breed, is here shown. He is a first-prize winner himself, and is from a prize-winning sire and dam, South Dakota born and bred, and is a splendid specimen of the popular white-faced cattle. As is well known, the Herefords are unexcelled for range use, and it behooves stockmen to improve their herds, gradually getting rid of the common class of cattle, by crossing with the best breeds to be obtained. It has been found that cattle which are one-half or three-quarters thoroughbred, sell from fifty cents to one dollar and a half more per hundred weight than the native cattle that used to form the chief stock of the cattle industry even a dozen years ago. The improved breeds have larger quantities of meat high on the back, and produce more porterhouse and sirloin meat than the old-time cattle. The Herefords are also noted for putting on meat rapidly, and are an excellent range cattle, being good "rustlers." The better method of dehorning by breeding, rather than by the cruel use of saw or pincers, is being so rapidly adopted that special interest will be taken in the fact that The Hills Farm has the best of Polled Durhams, or Hornless Short Horns. This breed won the sweepstakes prize at the World's Fair for general purpose cattle. In breeding to horned cattle a large per cent of the calves are hornless, the general characteristics of the sire predominating.

Patty's Pride, herein shown, a typical Polled Durham, attracted much attention at the World's Fair, and, as will be noted, is a fine milker and of approved beef form. The bull, "Ranger," is the head of the Polled Durham herd. It is only a question of a few years when most domestic cattle will be bred to this stock. A pedigree of all thoroughbred stock sold, as registered in their respective herd-books, will be furnished to purchasers.

The location of this ranch is admirable. Be-



PATTY'S PRIDE, A TYPICAL POLLED DURHAM.

ing an old lake bed, some two hundred feet below the surrounding grazing-plains, it affords a wonderful shelter for the stock from wind and storm. The spring that supplies this lovely dale flows from a rocky cliff over one hundred feet above the ranch, and if utilized to its fullest capacity it would generate sufficient power to do all the threshing and grinding for the ranch, furnish electric light for house and barns, besides supplying soft water for domestic purposes and irrigating the fields below. Its flow is from 500 to 1,000 gallons per minute, and analyses show it to be absolutely pure, save about two-hundredths of one per cent of sulphate of magnesia.

Beardless barley is grown in quantities for its grain and hay, both of which are of a superior quality for stock, and the grain is fine for malting purposes. Pure seed can be furnished upon application, and correspondence and inspection of stock is invited and will be welcomed at all times. All mail should be addressed to The Hills Stock Farm, Box 121, Rapid City, South Dakota.

HOTEL OXNARD, NORFOLK, NEB.

Many people will be going to Nebraska this summer on account of the Trans-Mississippi Exposition. Omaha will be the chief attraction, but anyone who can spare the time should go west a few hours' ride to the town of Norfolk. Here is situated one of the largest beet-sugar plants in the world, and it is well worth a visit to see how sugar is extracted from the humble root.

In going there one will want to know the best place to stay while in town, and it is desired to call public attention to the Hotel Oxnard. In traveling over the country the restless American finds many abiding places. Some are so poor in accommodations and service that one wonders how the proprietor dare charge \$2 a day; others there are, however, and the Oxnard is one of them, where, the moment a person enters the hospitably opened door, he feels inclined to stay.

As you enter the well-lighted office and see the jolly, rotund figure of the proprietor, George H. Spear, assisted by his two clerks, you are made to feel that their chief aim in life is to cater to your wishes. The dining-room is cheery and the food is so well prepared that the appetite is whetted to the point of surfeit. It can be truly said that the Hotel Oxnard is one of the best hotels in Nebraska, and its well-filled rooms testify eloquently respecting the appreciation of a first-class hotel by the traveling public. A stop at the Oxnard will convince anyone that Norfolk can boast one of the very best and most deservedly popular hotels in Nebraska. It will also enable visitors to see as lively a town and as fine a section of country as the State contains.

GREAT MEDICAL DISCOVERIES.

Any medical discovery that tends to relieve human ills and prolong life, and which adds to one's peaceful enjoyment of material blessings, should be regarded as a priceless boon. That these discoveries are not impossible has been proven time and again. Probably no discovery of any nature has accomplished more good or has been received by the people with greater favor and downright gratitude than what is known as the Brazilian Asthma Cure. It is said to be a positive cure for asthma and its accompanying ills—hay fever, catarrh, bronchitis, and cough. Indeed, there are those who declare that it is the only known treatment which results in certain cure in every instance, and which always gives instantaneous relief. The many hundreds that have been entirely cured of their sufferings by this new and powerful remedy, after having tried other known treatments in vain, furnish very emphatic testimony of its efficacy and great worth. Any one who has asthma should try to avail himself of so potent a cure. Where relief is so plainly in sight, it will pay to seek it. But this Brazilian Asthma Cure cannot be obtained at drug-stores; it can be had only from the doctors at No. 2211 Fourth Avenue South, in Minneapolis, where the headquarters are. This address should be preserved, since it may not again appear in these columns. A letter addressed to the Brazilian Asthma Cure Company, at the above number, will receive prompt attention and may be the means of restoring the sender to perfect health. Certain it is that the company finds its practice growing larger and larger every day, and that its patients are loud in their praises of the quick benefits derived from the company's new and effective treatment.

TELLING THE PLAIN TRUTH.

Wells County, in North Dakota, has an able advocate in the *Fessenden News*. It says:

"Larger counties than Wells can be found in the United States. There are counties that contain more population; counties whose citizens can show more aggregate wealth; but when we consider the varied features of natural resources, delightful climate, fertile soil and social advantages that are here combined, it must be admitted by the candid observer that the rare county of Wells is a good place in which to live, and that the wonderful progress of the past few years is but a foreshadowing of the still greater results that are certain to be achieved in the years soon to come, under these exceptionally favorable conditions with which a bountiful Providence has endowed us."

All of which is true. Wells is one of the best counties in the State, and it has attracted hundreds of new and prosperous settlers within the past three years. Foster is another good county. Both are growing in wealth rapidly.



HOTEL OXNARD, NORFOLK, NEB.

A BIG GRASS TWINE PLANT.

The plant of the Northwestern Cordage Company, on Mackubin and Front streets, in St. Paul, has been sold to the Minnesota Grass Twine Company, an Eastern concern, which will at once prepare the plant for the manufacture of binding twine, cotton bagging, matting, and kindred products from marsh grass. It is expected to have the new plant in operation sometime in June, in time to work up this season's product of grass. The company has already contracted for 15,000 to 20,000 tons, which will be manufactured this year. The new concern will operate on a large scale, and the intention is eventually to employ between 400 and 500 hands.

The Minnesota Grass Twine Company is a branch or sub-company of the Northwestern Grass Twine Company, which controls the patents for the manufacture of the grass products by a new process. The company's first plant was established at Oshkosh, Wis., about a year ago. Previously the company had an experimental plant at Chicago, where the machinery was perfected. The Oshkosh plant is said to be operated successfully, so successfully that it is planned at once to double its capacity and to increase its working force from seventy-five to 150 men. The St. Paul plant will be the second of the kind, and the intention is to establish subcompanies to operate factories in various parts of the country wherever the marsh grass is grown in sufficient quantity near a suitable market for the product.

The raw material used is the ordinary marsh or wire grass. It has a tough, hard, round stem, and is of little use for feed. There are said to be thousands of acres of it in Minnesota and Wisconsin, the most of which has gone to

waste, as the farmers have cut but little of it for stable bedding and for feed when the hay crop was short and the season dry. After repeated experiments it was found that this grass was best suited for the manufacture of the products that will be turned out by the new factory. The officers of the company assert that they can make binding twine which they can sell to the farmers at two-thirds the price the farmers are paying for their twine at present, and they fear no competition from the State Prison factory. The factory site covers about ten acres, of which five acres are occupied by substantial brick and stone buildings. It is admirably located, with excellent shipping facilities.

WESTERN MEN AND WESTERN INDUSTRIES.

The proper support of home industries does not mean that a man should not go outside his own town or county for something which he may need, but that he should try to find it in his own geographical division of country. That is, a man who lives in the Northwestern States ought loyally to purchase goods and wares, so far as he can advantageously, of jobbers and manufacturers whose capital and enterprise are helping to develop the Northwest. No doubt this sentiment is what moves so many people to buy their buggies, phaetons, surreys and other vehicles of the H. A. Muckle Manufacturing Company, that sterling Western concern whose large factories are located at Minnesota Transfer, midway between Minneapolis and St. Paul. These unrivaled conveyances are in demand everywhere. They are constructed honestly. Not a vehicle is sold that the company cannot pin its faith to. They are the highest grade vehicles in the market, yet the company

offers them on so low a margin that there is absolutely no excuse for anyone purchasing a cheaply—a poorly made vehicle instead. The Muckle Company has no agents and no expensive traveling salesmen. It sells direct to the public, and its business economies and unsurpassed manufacturing facilities enable it to more than meet all competition on goods of equal merit. In fact, hundreds of users of Muckle vehicles claim that they have no equal and that, so far as cost is concerned, they are, all things considered, the cheapest as well as the best vehicles made. One way to test this is to send to the company for an illustrated catalogue. It will be forwarded on application.

ALBERTA HOTEL,
Red Deer, Alberta, Canada,

on the Calgary-Edmonton Route to the Yukon.
This is the Calgary & Edmonton Railway Dining Hall.
All passenger trains stop thirty minutes for meals.
Price, 50 cents. Bar supplied with all kinds of liquors
and cigars of best quality.

STEPHEN WILSON, Proprietor.



FRANK O'MEARA, President.

A. B. RICHARDS, Sec'y and Treas.

WESTERN LAND COMPANY

Owens 25,000 Acres Selected Minnesota

FARM LANDS.

HOMES FOR ALL.

Title Perfect, and we give Deed upon Small Payment.

We also have listed with us 5,000 acres Improved and Unimproved Farms, Prairie and Timber Lands.

Soil Fertile, Climate Unsurpassed.

Near Towns and Cities with Good Market, Educational and Banking Facilities. We can sell you a Hard Wheat Farm in the Famous Red River Valley, a Diversified Grain and Stock Farm in Central Minnesota, a Timber Farm in the Beautiful Park Region.

Constantly flowing wells of pure water are found at short depths. Springs, Lakes and Rivers abound.

For special information, maps, circulars, etc., address

WESTERN LAND COMPANY,

194-196 East Third St., ST. PAUL, MINN.

For information regarding railroad lands, address

H. S. JUDSON, Traveling Land Agt., St. P. M. & M. Ry. Co., (Great Northern Ry.), 194-196 East Third St., ST. PAUL, MINN.

Ask for Stowell Hangers.

For Sale by Leading Jobbers and Dealers.

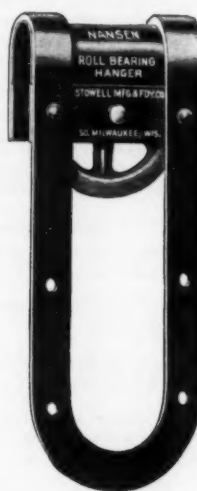


Out is about one-half size.

No. 4, Full Set, with Track,	-	-	\$6.00
No. 2, Half Set, with Track,	-	-	3.20

Discount.....

Six Full Sets, crated, each set packed in wooden box.



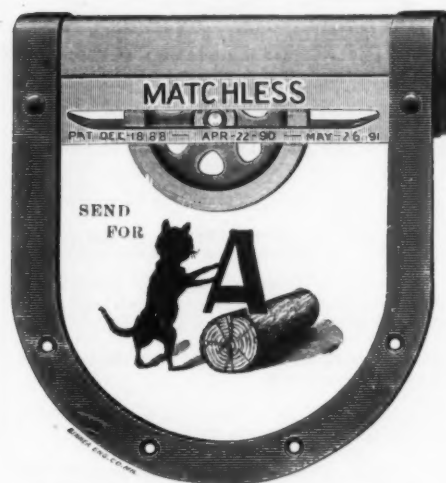
Weight per Doz.
pairs crated.

No. 3, per doz pairs, 75 lbs.	\$12
No. 4, per doz pairs, 100 lbs.	\$15
No. 5, per doz pairs, 150 lbs.	\$18

Discount

THE CELEBRATED Matchless Covered Anti-Friction Steel Barn Door Hanger.

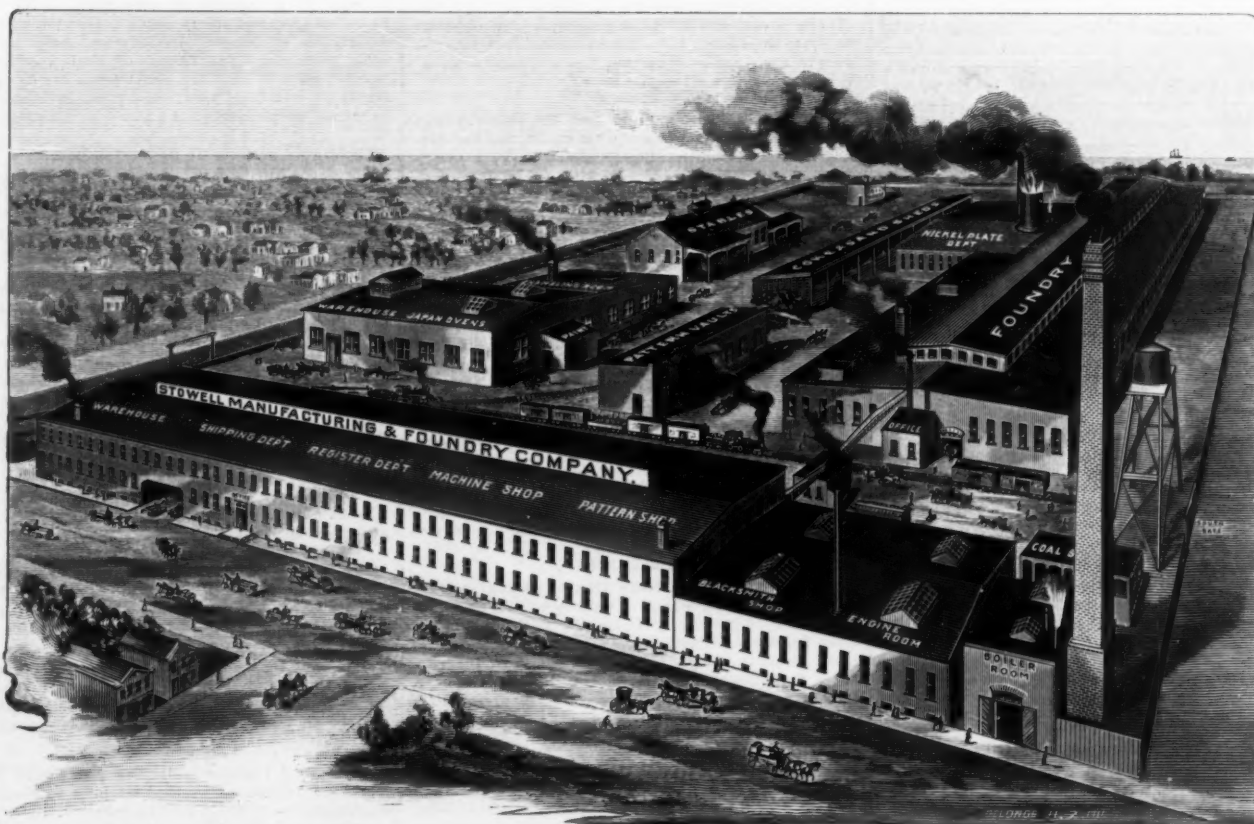
Japanned. With Self-Locking Loose Axle.



THE BEST HANGER ON THE MARKET.

	Weight per Pair.	Per Doz. Pairs.
No. 3, 3" Wheel,	7 1/2 lbs.	\$15.00
" 4, 4" " "	9 " "	18.00
" 5, 5" " "	13 " "	22.00
No. 6, 6" Wheel,	23 1/2 lbs.	40.00

Discount.....



STOWELL MANUFACTURING & FOUNDRY COMPANY,
South Milwaukee. Wisconsin.



It is probable that Sheboygan will soon have a nail factory.

A Baptist church at Stevens Point will cost \$12,000.

Seymour's new \$12,000 hotel will soon be ready for guests.

A seventy-five barrel flour-mill is in prospect for Sheboygan Falls.

Hammond's new tow-mill is a sure thing and will be of large dimensions.

The new schoolhouse at New London will cost \$30,000 and be built of brick.

Waukesha's \$30,000 school bond issue has been sold to a national bank there.

Many improvements in Madison's business district are being made, including several new blocks.

The electric railroad between Eau Claire and Chipewa Falls will probably be completed within two months.

The Green Bay & Western has had plans prepared for carshops, and work is to be begun at Green Bay as soon as a site is selected. The works will cost about \$40,000.

The J. I. Case Threshing Machine Company contemplates expending \$30,000 to \$75,000 in new buildings at Racine. There is also some talk of removing the plant to Waukegan, Ill.

The Wisconsin Tissue Paper Company has been organized at Appleton, with \$50,000 capital stock, and will erect a brick and stone building for a mill at once. Water-power will be used.

The Great Northern warehouse on Bay Front in Superior is the largest building at the head of the lakes. Its dimensions are 1540x132 feet, and it is two stories high. It is about four blocks long and half a block wide. The building required nearly 6,000,000 feet of lumber, and there are four and a half acres of gravel roofing and 2,500 square feet of skylight.

Minnesota.

St. Charles is promised a tow factory.

A fine two-story brick block is to be erected in Wadena.

Morris has voted to spend \$25,000 for a first-class water-works system.

The Mankato Board of Trade is working hard to secure a beet-sugar plant.

Bonds have been voted for Oloquet's new schoolhouse. It will cost \$10,000.

Fosston has voted \$12,000 bonds for the construction of an electric light and water-works plant.

Parties in Olivia talk of erecting a 300-barrel flour-mill. That would be a good thing for the town.

St. James is a good hotel town now, but it is to have a new house that will be one of the best in the State.

A new bank building in Lake City will cost \$5,000. Another fine bank building is in prospect for Luverne.

Cloquet claims that the Northwest Paper Company, just incorporated, is going to establish a paper-and-pulp-mill there.

New buildings of all kinds are reported from nearly every town in the State. All conditions seem to be very promising. Crop prospects are unusually good, no portion of the State being excepted.

The Gillette-Herzog Manufacturing Company of Minneapolis has received a contract for the foundations of the Galveston batteries. This shows that all the big plants are not located in the East.

Hutchinson is experiencing a remarkable growth. Building improvements in town include twenty-four

new residences, a schoolhouse, a double store, and many barns; while in the farm regions in the near vicinity sixty-four new houses and barns are being erected, and one creamery. The Hutchinson Leader is justified in feeling proud over this grand exhibition of local enterprise.

The Minneapolis & St. Louis Railway Company makes the interesting announcement that eighty families will be transferred from the beet-sugar territory of Nebraska to locate along the line of that road between St. Paul and Albert Lea. Lands have been purchased for them by the beet-sugar manufacturing syndicate of St. Louis Park. This syndicate guarantees to buy all the beets raised by the new comers. The new comers were originally imported from Germany and are very expert in raising the sugar beet. They think that the soil in Minnesota is much better for their purpose than that of Nebraska.

North Dakota.

Langdon needs more business buildings and is preparing to erect them.

Another fine building, to cost \$15,000 or more, will soon be seen in Fargo.

A brick bank building is among the projected improvements in Church's Ferry.

The new three-story hotel in Fessenden is being pushed rapidly to completion. It will be thoroughly modern.

Devil's Lake is growing steadily. The latest improvement is in the shape of a two-story brick business block.

The value of the farm products of North Dakota for the year 1897 was \$63,040,000. This does not include livestock figures.

Hamburg's new German Lutheran church will be erected at once. The Catholic church at Veseleville will cost \$7,000.

A new bank is to be started at Fessenden with \$10,000 capital. Fessenden is one of the best towns in the State, and banks ought to do well there.

Like all the Northwestern States, building improvements in North Dakota this year are exceptionally heavy and of the most promising character.

There never were better crop prospects throughout the State than now. Rain has been abundant, and the fields of grain are looking their best. There is an increased acreage in all sections.

The First National bank of Mandan, with a capital of \$50,000 and undivided profits of \$20,000, has deposits of \$350,000. It is one of the strongest banks in North Dakota, and reflects credit on general conditions in that part of the State.

South Dakota.

An iron foundry is among the industrial growths in Aberdeen.

Arrangements have been completed for the erection of a flour-mill of fifty barrels daily capacity at Highmore. It is expected to have it in operation by Sept. 1.

The Hawkeye property, situated west of the Homestake, at Lead, is being thoroughly developed. It is owned by a Des Moines, Iowa, company. It is expected that it will soon become a large producer of free-milling ores.

The last shipment from the Durango mine on the Lead City Divide averaged \$106 a ton. The mine is showing up better than ever before. The ore body is forty feet wide and five feet thick.

There is a very promising district extending from Elk Creek to the terminus of the Black Hills and Fort Pierre Railroad, near Greenwood. The mine closed down because of mismanagement. For five miles distance, from the Caster mine to the Germania District, there are parallel fissures in the slates which have given good assays.

Considerable of the old-time gold-fever was created in Deadwood recently by the discovery of gold in paying quantities in an excavation that is being made for three new store buildings on Main Street. Early in 1876 and 1877, the present site of Deadwood was covered with placer diggings, and a good many fortunes were made in sinking to bed-rock. Before the placer beds could be worked out, buildings were erected and the claim owners had to give away to commercial pursuits. A large percentage of the earth which is being taken out of this excavation carries placer gold, and two panfuls panned out \$5. The richest portion of the earth will be taken to a place where water can be had,

and will be sluiced out. A short time ago a contractor found gold in the dirt from an excavation, ran all of it through a sluicing-box, and made more from his mining operations than he did at the contract of excavation.

Dr. Franklin Carpenter, general manager of the Deadwood and Delawaresmelter, recently burned, has returned from Chicago where he completed arrangements and made contracts for the erection of the new smelting works. The contract requires that the building shall be completed in forty-five days. The main building will be considerably larger than the old one, will be built of solid iron and steel, and will be absolutely fire-proof. A new feature is to be added to the works in the way of a complete electric plant which will furnish light and power to handle the slag-pots and feeding-cars. The old blast furnaces, five in number, are to be repaired and the new ones erected with larger capacity. The capacity of the new works is to be about 200 tons larger than the old plant. It is expected that one of the blast furnaces will be in operation within thirty days, and the entire plant is to be completed in ninety days. The new works will be by far the finest in the country.

Montana.

Plans have been completed for the new Sister's Hospital at Billings. It is to cost about \$20,000.

The Rocky Mountain Bell Telephone Company will extend its wires from Missoula to Wallace, Idaho.

The Butte Inter-Mountain claims that the new city directory of that place indicates a population of 50,000.

It is now certain that a \$12,000 flour-mill is to be erected in Hamilton. The town has worked for it long and persistently.

Plans have been completed for a five-story brick building to be erected on Main and Park streets in Butte. It will be modern throughout.

The total production of precious metals in Montana for and during the year 1897 was as follows: Gold, \$4,496,430.02; silver, \$21,730,710.03; copper, \$23,798,915.02; lead, \$929,619.06. Total production, \$53,954,675.03.

A valuable marble, said to be of the Egyptian type, has been discovered near Thompson Falls, in Missoula County. The stone is dark, with white and yellow streaks. It is capable of very high polish. A Mr. Beals, who has had thirty years' experience with stone and marble in Oregon, Washington, Idaho and Montana, pronounces the Thompson Falls specimen the best yet discovered in the Northwest. He finds it remarkably free from checks and flaws, and says it can be placed on the market at a less cost than granite.

The Big Seven mine at Nelhart declared a dividend of \$36,000 for April. The company has paid three dividends since Feb. 1, but this last one is the largest. Four dividends were paid by the company last year. The Big Seven is said to be one of the great properties of the State. Its development dates from about eighteen months ago. It has paid enormously, and there is every promise that it will continue to be a rich producer. Only about twenty men are employed. The ore shipments are small, not exceeding four or five cars a month, but the ore is high-grade. The property is a gold and silver proposition, and the vein is strong and permanent as well as rich. Although the company has paid many thousands of dollars to its stockholders, it will still have \$25,000 in the treasury after the checks for the last big dividend have been distributed.

Idaho.

An extensive brick-yard is among the good things projected for Kendrick.

The Badger mine and mill, near Grangeville, are running full blast. It is reported that a rich body of ore has been encountered in the lower level. The ore is strictly free-milling and assays \$74 per ton.

It is said that a five-stamp mill is to be put up between Delta and Beaver Station to work some good ore from Pony Gulch. There is an abundance of paying ore in that part of Idaho, but very poor milling facilities.

Pierce City District is in the great gold belt of Northern Idaho and yielded millions in placer gold during the early '60's, but, like other camps, it was almost deserted till the discovery of rich quartz veins brought renewed activity, which bids fair to eclipse the brightest of bonanza days both in point of population and output of gold.

A rich strike has been made in the Capital mine, on Jordan Creek, in Custer County. The mine is situated about five or six miles up from the mouth of the creek

The rock is said to be so rich in gold that it seems almost fabulous. The gold is so plentiful in the ore that it can be seen easily with the naked eye at quite a distance. The ledge is immense. It is said to be one of the richest strikes ever made in Yankee Fork.

Word comes from Leesburg that the McNutt placers on Moore Creek, near that place, have been sold to a Chicago syndicate for \$150,000 cash. The same company is operating two electric dredgers at Bannock with unqualified success, and it is the intention to place two similar dredge-boats on the McNutt placers. It is claimed that mint receipts can be shown proving that the Leesburg placers have produced \$32,000,000 in gold-dust since their first discovery many years ago, and these same diggings are still being worked in a small way.

The Interstate Canal & Power Company is at work on an irrigation project that will be the largest undertaking of the kind in the inter-mountain region. The principal place of business is Oxford, and the stockholders are farmers in the Bear and tributary valleys. The main ditch will be about 100 miles in length, forty feet wide and ten feet in depth, and, with its various private laterals, will irrigate an area of 500,000 acres in Bannock and Oneida counties, Idaho, and Cache County, Utah. About 300,000 acres is now settled upon, and the remaining 200,000 is Government land.

Oregon.

Baker City is talking of building a flour-mill. Every year the town sends \$75,000 abroad for flour.

Another large vein of coal is reported to have been discovered at the mouth of the Nehalem River by a Mr. Longhead. The vein, it is said, is forty-five inches thick.

Portland parties are now shipping large invoices of Oregon butter to San Francisco. This is reversing the usual order of things, and is due to the drouth in California.

It is expected that the Byers' flour-mill at Pendleton will be in running order by August 15. Its capacity at the start will be 500 barrels daily, but this will probably be increased to 1,000 or 1,500 barrels' capacity.

Edward Smith, formerly a successful sugar-beet raiser at Lehi, Utah, has purchased the Slater farm at Alcega, in Union County, comprising 480 acres, paying therefor \$15,120. Mr. Smith proposes to raise beets on his new place.

Oregon papers are full of news of the new prosperity which has come over the land. Every paper in the State contains interesting matter regarding the enlargement of old industries and the establishment of new ones, employment of men and favorable prospects for crops. Hops seem to be the only product for which a satisfactory report is not made. All other lines of agriculture and manufacturing industry are booming. —Portland Oregonian.

An unlimited deposit of gray granite has been discovered about nine miles east of Gates on the Corvallis & Eastern Railroad. Engineers and experts have examined the rock and pronounced it superior to any yet found in Oregon, and equal, if not superior, to any from California, Washington, or the Eastern States. The deposit is very large and is located in the southwestern part of Marion County, on the west slope of the Cascade Mountains.

Washington.

A large colony of Russians have settled in Whitman County.

The cheese product of this State last year, from the factories, amounted to \$70,936.

Six creameries and cheese factories in Yakima County produced last year 181,516 pounds of butter and 53,587 pounds of cheese.

The big factory of the Pacific Sheet Metal Works at Fairhaven is now completed. Its capacity is 150,000 salmon-cans daily. It will also manufacture other lines of tinware.

The Republic mine in the Colville Reservation District bids fair to become one of the greatest mining properties in the world. The ore is very rich and in inexhaustible quantities.

Over a quarter of a million dollars have already been spent in new homes and business blocks in Seattle this year. The new city directory indicates a population of 70,020. It contains 28,737 names.

Prof. E. Fulmer, of the Washington Experiment Station, in giving the results of his experiments in sugar-beet culture in twenty-seven counties and in 101 different localities in Washington, says that the data

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obtained leaves little room for doubt as to the ultimate establishment and success of the sugar industry in this State.

The Whatcom Bids says that Washington's output of fish, which last year reached \$3,000,000, will be close to \$5,000,000 this year if construction signs count for anything, and if the "overproduction theory" be kept out of practice.

A South Bend business house is getting ready to ship 6,000 gallons of fresh Washington oysters to the Klondike. They will be packed in five-gallon cans and be frozen solid. The oysters will come from Willapa Harbor, Oyster Bay, and Samish.

The Fidalgo Island canning company, at Anacortes, recently received thirteen car-loads of tin-plate, valued at \$25,000, to be made into tin cans. During the first run of salmon this company expects to put up 70,000 cases of cans, or 3,360,000 cans of salmon.

Over 1,000 men are employed in the sixty saw-and-shingle-mills of Whatcom County, and the annual product of the mills reaches a value of nearly \$1,500,000. New mills are under construction in various parts of the county, and the product of 1898 will far exceed that of any other year in the county's history.

From the port of Tacoma in the first four months of 1898, \$5,053,000 of goods were exported against only \$2,084,000 in the same period in 1897. A large portion of this went to China and Japan. When the policy of peaceful development at Manila is put into effect, it is probable that Tacoma will show a considerably larger total.

Canadian Northwest.

Rat Portage, Ont., expects to have a new \$40,000 post-office building.

Rat Portage, Ont., is growing rapidly. Many fine buildings have been erected there during the past eighteen months.

The Lily May mine in the Rossland District, B. C., has been sold for \$100,000. It is the first location that was made in that camp.

Business is extremely lively in Edmonton. New stores are being rushed to completion with all possible dispatch. The sound of the hammer can be heard in all parts of the town.

The report of the Department of Agriculture states that seven new creameries are in operation in the Territories and that the loans received from the Government to fit up the creameries are to be repaid in full. It is also stated that an increase of the butter output from fifty to 100 per cent is expected next season.

The emery found on the east shore of Lake Winnipeg has been pronounced by experts to be of the finest quality. The deposits are known to extend over an area of twenty-five square miles. About fifty claims have been taken up, principally by Winnipeg parties. Deposits of aluminum and quicksilver have also been found.

A recent strike in the 500-foot level of the War Eagle mine in the Trail Creek District, B. C., shows an increase in the amount of ore in sight to the value of \$3,500,000. It is estimated that \$2,000,000 of this will be profits. The mine is in splendid shape. When the present improvements in hoisting machinery are complete, the force will be increased to 250 men, and 200 tons of ore will be shipped daily.

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NORTHWEST LITERARY TASTE.

It is said that almost every settler in Manitoba has an abundant supply of books. *Western Prairie*, published in Cypress River, Man., says: "Men seem to have understood that in a country where there are few forests to work in during the winter, and where the evenings are long during the cold season, books become a necessity, and ample supplies were therefore brought into the country. Many of the works found in the houses of Manitoba farmers are by the very best authors and are well bound, well-taken care of and well understood."

This taste for literature is characteristic of the entire Northwest. One will find excellent libraries and cultivated minds in almost any section of the Dakotas, Montana, Idaho, Oregon, and Washington. People in these States are great readers, close observers, and among them are many whose pens have achieved no little renown in the world of letters. Books and current literature are not now confined to great centers of population, as in years ago. The revolution in publishing methods renders the works of the best authors available in even the humblest of homes, whether it be in the mountain regions or in the depths of primeval forests.

A MONTANA MAN'S PRECIOUS RELIC.

Charles H. Snell of Helena, Mont., is the possessor of a genuine curiosity in the form of the second year's issue of "Bickerstaff's Boston Almanack," of the year 1769. The *Helena Independent* says that it is a typographical curiosity to those who are accustomed to the books of the present, but it is especially interesting because it was a pioneer in its own way. In many respects, though, it resembles the yellow-cov-

ered almanac of today. It conveys much the same information about the movement of the sun, moon and tides, and in its own way covers the field of medicine as does the pamphlet of the end of the nineteenth century. It begins with an address to the "courteous reader," which is followed by "several useful receipts in farriery" and "anecdotes of John Wilkes, Esq., member of parliament from Middlesex." The month of January is ushered in with the announcement, "Begins on Sunday, hath XXXI days."

The sun shone and the moon went from light to darkness then much as now. But the "easy and natural methods of curing most diseases" were slightly different. The patient afflicted with asthma is counseled to "take a pint of cold water every night as you lie down in bed." Apoplexy is cured by "drinking only water," and baldness is alleviated by "rubbing the head with onions until it is red." Bleeding at the nose may be cured, the old almanac says, by "drinking largely of whey every morning and eating raisins much." The simple remedy for a cold was to "drink a pint of water lying down in bed." For "cholic" a pint of cold water was recommended. Cancer was cured by administering "red poppy water, plantane and rose water." Salt and onions were recommended as a cure for chilblains.

As may be surmised, there were no patent medicine advertisements in the almanac, that feature seeming to have been added at a later day. Cold water was the panacea. Hot treacle on toast was one of the severest medicines. The almanac tells the patient to "go to bed early and rise betimes," and, above all, to "add to rest (for it is not labor lost) that old, unfashionable remedy, prayer."

The almanac is exceedingly valuable by this

time, with its yellow pages, stitched with scrupulous care and its bits of curious information that then made it sought for and now makes it only odd.

NEVER GIVES UP ITS DEAD.

In speaking of Lake Superior a writer in *St. Nicholas* says that a very interesting, and very sad, thing about the lake is that it never gives up its dead. Whoever encounters terrible disaster—happily infrequent in the tourist season—and goes down in the angry, beautiful blue waters, never comes up again. From those earliest days when the daring French voyageurs in their trim birch-bark canoes skirted the picturesque shores of this noble but relentless lake, down to this present moment, those who have met their deaths in mid-Superior still lie at the stone-paved bottom. It may be that, so very cold is the water, some of their bodies may have been preserved through the centuries. Sometimes, not far from the shore, the bodies of people who have been wrecked from fishing-smacks or from pleasure-boats overtaken by a cruel squall have been recovered, but only after the most heroic efforts with drag-net or by the diver. Once, on a trip down the lakes, says the writer, I met a clergyman who, as we passed a point of land some miles before entering the narrowing of the lake at the Soo, pointed out the place where the ill-fated "Algoma" went down on the reef some eight years ago; and as he looked, he said slowly:

"I was at the funeral of one man who went down with her, and the only reason his body is not at the bottom today, with the other thirty-eight that were lost, is because it was caught in the timbers of the vessel, and could not sink."

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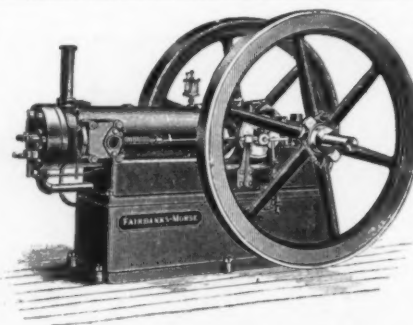
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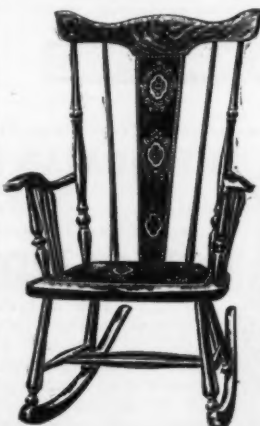
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TREASURES IN FURS.—A silver-fox skin shipped from Manitoba to a firm in London, Eng., was recently sold for the enormous price of about \$675. This is all the more remarkable when it is known that the skin was sold in the raw, undressed state.

A CURIOUS FISH.—A curious fish called the Burbot is found in many of the lakes and rivers of the Northwest. It belongs to the eel family, but it is not so long. It has no scales, and is as much of a reptile as it is a fish, therefore it is no use as human food.

A GREAT REINDEER COUNTRY.—It is estimated that Alaska and the Canadian territory adjoining could support 9,000,000 reindeer. From Hudson Bay westward, along the coast of the Polar Sea, there are countless herds of these deer existing now, but the animals are not quite the same as the Lapland deer.

ONE OF OREGON'S BIG TREES.—A section of an Oregon spruce-tree eleven feet in diameter and two feet thick was made recently from a huge tree on the Mechanicum River, which empties into the Pacific Ocean just below Seaside in Clatsop County. It will be sent to the Omaha Exposition to let the world see with its own eyes what kind of trees grow in Oregon.

THE LOST CABIN MINE.—A former Bozeman editor is reported to have discovered the famous Lost Cabin mine. It is said to be located near Spokane, Wash., in the fastnesses of the mountains in the midst of a dense forest. The old shaft has caved in, but the timbers are in a fair state of preservation. Ore taken from the shaft assays very rich, and a company with \$500,000 capital has been organized to work the mine.

HOW NATURE FARMED.—The prairies of the Northwest at one time resembled a wild farm on a very large scale, with nature as an agriculturist. The buffaloes were the cattle; there were sheep upon the mountains; the grouse were the hens, the cranes were the turkeys; flocks of wild geese were also present. There were wild gardens with roses of crimson and white, and whole fields of lilies, with asters and marigolds. Amongst the trees there were morning-glories, honeysuckles, and wild hops, with fruits in great variety. With one or two exceptions, all these things are here yet, but the beautiful wildness that once existed has been much broken into—Cypress River (Man.) Western Prairie.

MOTLEY CROWDS IN COAST CITIES.—The streets and hotels of Seattle and Tacoma present a novel appearance these days. The fashionable raiment of the every-day citizen contrasts strangely enough with the bizarre outfits which characterize the Klondike contingent. Brawny men in sombreros and in cardinal and navy-blue sweaters, with high, russet boots and fur caps, enormous coats and other preventives against cold, parade the streets and lounge about the hotels as if they were already in Alaska and were liable to be frost-bitten any moment. For the majority it is a new experience. The old hands know how to wait, but the greenhorns are ready to advertise their rawness to the fullest extent. Altogether, it is a motley crowd—though a picturesque and a brave one.



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Removes all Freckles, Tan, Sunburn, Pimples, Liver Moles and other imperfections. Not covering but removing all blemishes and permanently restoring the complexion to its original freshness. For sale at Druggists or sent postpaid on receipt of 50c. Use Prof. I. Hubert MALVINA ICHTHYOL SOAP 25 Cents a Cake. TOLEDO, O.

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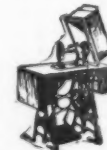
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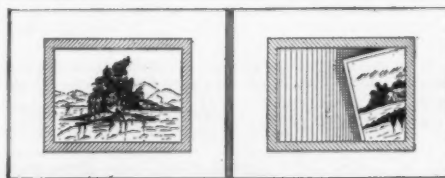
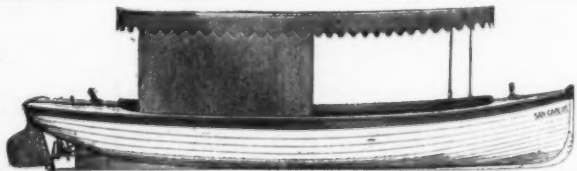
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NO GOLDEN RULE IN HIS.

A story was told the other day of a little controversy that a Minneapolis lumberman had with a logger of whom he had bought some logs. There was some difference of opinion as to the price and scale, and, when they came to settle the matter, the lumberman said he was willing to give in a little if the logger would do the same, remarking that it was well to go by the golden rule, and do unto others as you would like to be done by.

"Not by a ——— slight!" replied the logger; "I do not go by any golden rule. Scribner's rule is good enough for me to measure my logs by."



HOW HE CONDENSED IT.

There are a good many absurdities and incongruities in more than one line of business. This was brought out recently in a glaring manner by Col. Richard Flournoy, the Great Western's lumber agent. It is known to be the rule of the telegraph companies to charge their rates by the number of words in the dispatch it is desired to send, the number of letters in the words making no particular difference. There is a uniform charge for messages of ten words, and when that limit is exceeded there is an additional charge per word. Colonel Flournoy and a friend of his in Mankato had a friendly interest in an appointment pending. One day last week the colonel went from the governor's office to the office of the Western Union for the purpose of wiring his Mankato friend that the



CUTTING A PRETTY FIGURE.

chances for their mutual friend were improving. He handed in the following message, accompanied by a quarter:

"St. Paul, Minn. Feb.—1898.

"DE HENRY, Mankato, Minn.: "Eb is to be in it by and by. Ta-ta. DICK."

The operator checked off the words, and told the colonel that there were eleven, and with the point of his pencil between the two ta's, said:

"Two cents more, please."

"Guess not," said the colonel; "ta-ta is one word, or at least a compound word."

"Compound words don't go here," said the clerk.

"Well, I guess I can condense it," said the colonel, and when he had studied a little he handed back the following:

"DIONYSIUS HICKSBEECHBUTTONS, care of Mergen-rother & Mulligatawney, Mankato, Minnesota: "Ebenezer Everingham's expectations elongate extraordinarily. Prophesying personally Ebenezer's eventuating triumphantly."

"RICHARD TELLINGHUSSET FLOURNOY." That was once where the rule of the telegraph company worked to its disadvantage.—*Mrs. Valley Lumberman, Minneapolis.*

SHE WASN'T IN HER SHIRT-SLEEVES.

A dust-covered report that was unearthed the other day in the office of the purchasing agent of the Northern Pacific recalled an incident of the Villard regime that was funny. When Henry Villard came West he had in his train a man who got to be known as "The Tailor." Why he was so called is a secret belonging to the past. Villard left him here. He did a little of everything, and what he said "went" with most of the officers, because he was strong with the man at the top. It occurred to "The Tailor" one day that what the Northern Pacific lacked more than anything else

was uniformed station agents. The one thing that was needed to make the road a real good thing was a lovely suit on every tank-tender in every pump station. He proceeded to execute his project to put them in uniform. He had queer ideas about discipline, probably acquired on the government-controlled railroads of Germany, and he asked no questions. He acted. He made a contract for the uniforms, and told the tailor to send him a couple of men to do the measuring, and he would have the size, height, weight and build of every station agent on the road in four days. The men were supplied him and he went to the general superintendent's office and had this telegram sent:

"To All Agents:

"Be on the platform in shirt-sleeves and trousers when No. 7 arrives."

"————"

He vouchsafed no information, but got on the train with his tailors and took the measurement of the men while the train stopped. It was rapid work, but eminently successful until they arrived at a little station up in Dakota. Then it came to a finish. "The Tailor" and his men got off the train at this station, and he asked a lounge, "Where is the agent?"

"Here she comes," answered the fellow.

"She" was coming. She had an ax, and "The Tailor" understood that there was something wrong, and that he had better move. He got on the car as quickly as he could, and kept out of sight until the train pulled out.

"What is it?" he inquired. And he didn't think of that telegram until he got into Montana.—*St. Paul Globe.*



HE WAS "TARNAL GLAD."

In the days when the Black Hills mining craze was at its height, observes the *Deadwood Pioneer-Times*, companies were organized and euphonious titles given to most any kind of a hole in the ground, a New York office was established, and the profitable business of selling shares was entered into at once.

Wonderful tales were told of a single day's outputs, and shares went up in proportion to the size of the "official reports."

Up on Broadway was a pretentious office where shares were sold in the "Roaring Bull Consolidated Gold and Silver Mining Company." Business had been good for several weeks, when one morning a grizzly-looking old fellow with cowhide boots and slouch hat entered the office, walked up to the manager, and said:

"Is this where ye sell sheers in the Roaring Bull Company?"

Being assured that this was the office of the company, and that they would be pleased to sell him as many shares as he wished, he observed:

"I've heard the Roaring Bull spoken of as a likely mine."

"Certainly, certainly, sir. Why, my dear sir, we took out over \$10,000 worth of ore in one day."

"Whew, she is rich, ain't she. How many men have yer got to work?"

"About three hundred."

"Have ye, tho? Are the sheers going pretty lively?"

"Selling like hot cakes, and we have only a few left. They're a big investment."

"What are sheers worth today?"

"I will sell you at ninety-five. Tomorrow they will be worth a hundred."

"No! ye don't mean it, do ye? A hundred tomorrow, and ye will sell me for ninety-five terday?"

"Yes."

"Wall, I guess I won't buy, but here's a hundred sheers ye sold my pardner about a month ago. I've been out to the mine and I've found nothing but a hole and a dead mule, an' I told him I'd come up and git his money back. I'm tarnal glad to find them sheers has riz from twenty to ninety-five. That'll give my pard his money back, and leave me enough for a winter's outfit. Here's the sheers; let me have the money."

"But, sir, we are selling, not bu—" The old man rested the muzzle of his shooter on the counter.

"Pass out the spondulix," said he.

The manager had left his revolver in his overcoat. After looking around at the clerks and seeing no chance for help, he turned with a bland smile and began counting out the money, and as he passed it over, he remarked:

"Certainly, sir, certainly; greatest pleasure, sir; always ready to cash any shares brought to us. Sorry you didn't hold them one day more, though, and get the full face value."



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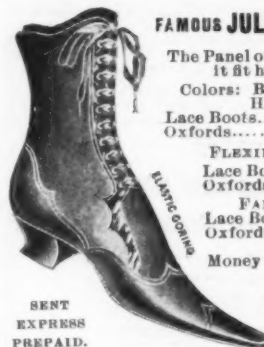
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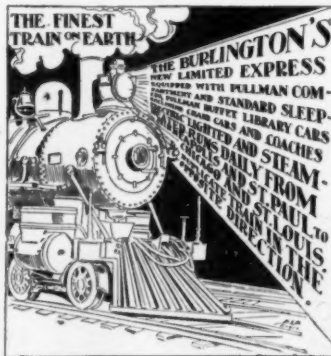
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A Religious Anecdote

When J. E. Glass of the Glass-Sawyer Lumber Company is not ready to tell a good story, the *Mississippi Valley Lumberman* avers, he is prepared to make material for one by playing a practical joke on some one, and his original jokes are as good as the stories he gets from some other source. There is a young man in Minneapolis who formerly worked for him, and who is now employed in one of the lumber offices outside the Lumber Exchange. This young man has been noted for his regular attendance at one of the large churches of the city. At least, he has been noted for that until recently. A few days ago Mr. Glass got one of the office force of the Carpenter-Lamb Company to call up the young man and to impersonate the assistant pastor of the church. The conversation followed about like this:

"I have not seen you at church recently; what is the matter?"

"I have been there, but sat in the back of the church."

"Well, Doctor H— has missed you, and I guess you had better sit forward, so he will be sure to see you. But you have not been there evenings, as you used to be."

"No; the light hurts my eyes."

"Can't you get some colored glasses and be sure and come next Sunday?"

The next day Mr. Glass called the young man up and said he had heard that he had not been attending church regularly, to which the reply came back:

"Yes, and Doctor H— 'got onto it' and had Mr. P— 'jack me up' about it."

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of consumption, bronchitis, catarrh asthma and all throat and lung affections, also a positive and radical cure for nervous debility and all nervous complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this magazine, W.A. Noyes, 890 Powers' Bldg. Rochester, N.Y.

All Things New as Advertised

By competing lines show a progressive spirit, but some of the things that are alleged to be new have been in constant daily use for years past on the steam-heated, electric-lighted (with berth reading-lamp), vestibuled trains of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway between St. Paul and Minneapolis and Chicago, as thousands upon thousands of its patrons will cheerfully testify.

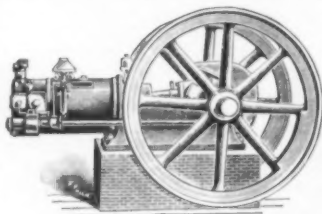
The Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway always maintains its supremacy with the traveling public by always being the first to utilize every mechanical device and improvement which can be of any value to those who ride on its magnificently equipped trains.

A Reliable Collection and Renting Agency.

A responsible collection and renting agency is something everyone has use for sooner or later. The Diamond Collection and Renting Agency, 600 New York Life Building, corner Sixth and Minnesota streets, St. Paul, was established eleven years ago and has correspondents in all the cities in the United States and Canada. It gives special attention to local collections and to the care of property, and has most excellent facilities for satisfying the requirements of its patrons. The telephone number is 1307-4.

New Maps.

New Maps, size of each about 17x23, of Washington, North Dakota and Minnesota. Land Companies and Real Estate and Immigration Agents will find these maps very desirable for advertising purposes. Reading matter can be printed on the reverse side. For quotations on quantities from 1,000 to 100,000 address Poole Bros., Railway Printers & Publishers, 316 Dearborn St., Chicago.

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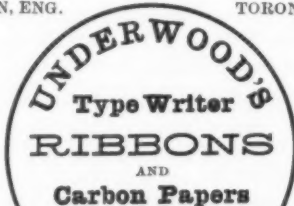
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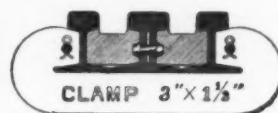
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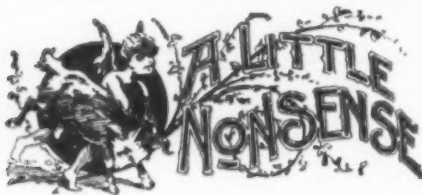
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"This extravagance," said her husband, gravely, to himself, "requires a check;" and then he drew one.

Fond Parent—"The child is full of music."
Sarcastic Visitor—"Yes. What a pity it is allowed to escape."

"He's filling his last cavity," mournfully said a young dentist, as they lowered the coffin of his deceased partner into the grave.

Fanny—"Our minister does not jump at conclusions."
Tom—"I should say not. I never knew him to reach a conclusion in less than an hour."

"My Uncle Frank is a veritable Klondike."
"Why, how's that?"
"Plenty of wealth, but cold and distant."

Housekeeper—"Pretty specimen you are to ask for help. The dirt on you is an inch thick!"

Tramp—"Yes, mum; times are very hard, mum, and funeral expenses come high. I'm leavin' it on so that when my time comes I won't need burying."

Charlie (at the cattle show)—"Well, those animals were nothing to talk about; they're not a patch to what my folks can do. Why, my father raised the biggest calf ever seen."
Tom (interrupting)—"My dear boy, I don't doubt it!"



IN THE ROGUES' GALLERY, WHERE THE FACE IS "THE INDEX OF A FEELING MIND."

Harold—"Darling, we'll have a lot to contend with when we are married."
Mabel—"Yes, dear; we'll have each other."

He—"Yes, I loved a girl once and she made a fool of me."
She—"Some girls do make a lasting impression, don't they?"

Isabel—"Are you interested in this 'don't worry' movement?"
Charlie—"Yes; I wish I could get all my creditors into it."

Old Gent—"Don't you know me, Willie? I am your father's uncle."
Willie—"Gosh! Are you the man pa goes to when he's short of money?"

"I have here a pardon for you from the Home Secretary," said the sheriff to the cold-blooded murderer.
"Ah!" replied the latter. "No noose is good news," as the proverb says."

He was a very gay cyclist.
When death blew out life's torch.
His club 'graved on his tombstone,
"He's gone on his last scorch."

Mary—"O Jack! Do you know that Mr. Gibson punctuated his tire yesterday?"
Jack—"You mean punctured, my dear."
"Well, he came to a full stop, anyway."

Blynkins—"A girl who can sing just as soon as she gets up in the morning must have a sweet disposition."

Wynkins—"Not necessarily. She may have a grudge against somebody in the neighborhood."

A certain thin man sent a dime to an advertiser who promised for that sum to impart trustworthy information as to how to get fat. The answer was: "Buy it at the butcher's."

Dramatic Author (dictating play)—"Mary, my light, my life! I love you; will you be mine?"
Lady Typist (whose name is Mary)—"See here, sir, are you still dictating?"

"I dreamt I dwelt in marble halls," shrieked the new soprano.
"Why in blazes did they wake you?" murmured the critic, as he shifted uneasily in his seat.

Fergus—"Do you think there is anything in second sight?"
Waldron—"You bet I do! I'm one of those fools who fell in love and got married at first sight."

"There is one thing about a woman that I cannot overlook," said Mr. Small.
"What is that?"
"A high hat in a theater," said Mr. Small.

Philanthropic Caller (at jail)—"My friend, have you any religious convictions?"
Avery Baddun—"Well, I reckon that's what you might call 'em. I was sent here for robbing a church."

Mistress—"Bridget, you've broken as much china this month as your wages amount to. Now, how can we prevent this occurring again?"
Bridget—"O! don't know, mum, unless yez raise me wages."

Dismal Dawson—"How did it work when you told her you was a yellow fever refugee?"
Everett West—"She kinder grinned and says: 'Oh, yes; I reckon you are about the yellowest fever refugee on the road.'"

"What do you think of having to pay \$48 a pound for steak, as those fellows did in Alaska?" asked the shoe-clerk boarder.
"They must have found it pretty tough," said the genial Thin Man.

Scheminski—"Vat? Yot take a bath efery day? Vat for?"
Brown—"Oh, it makes a fellow feel better."
"Chust because it maigs you feel petter? You must be one of dem ebbieures."

Kiddy—"I hate to bother you, pop; but, really, I'd like to know—"
Pop—"Well, what?"
Kiddy—"Why baby fish don't get drown'd before they've been learned to swim?"

Indignant Citizen—"Say! Your boy threw a stone at me, just now, and barely missed me."
Mr. Grogan—"Yez say he missed ye?"
"That's what I understood myself to remark."
"Thin it was not my bye, sor."

Father (impressively)—"Suppose I should be taken away suddenly, sir; what would become of you, my boy?"
Irreverent Son—"Well, dad, I'd stay here. The question is, 'What would become of you!'"

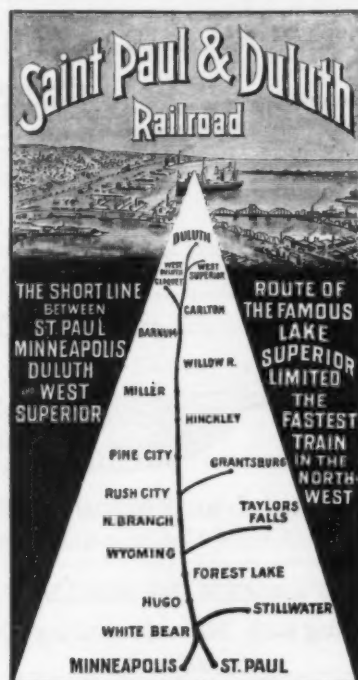
He (afflicted to the widow)—"How embarrassing it will be, when we die, to meet your first husband?"
The Widow—"Well, yes; but it is possible, my dear, that you and the sainted dead will abide in different regions. That is my hope."

Gorgan—"Did you notice what a pretty face that girl in the chorus had? I mean the one next to the last on the right-hand side."
Nidnad—"You mean the girl with the light pink tights? No; I didn't notice her face."

"You—hie—you ain't sho many," said Mr. Boonce, as he warbled into the hall.
"No?" said his wife, as she pulled him out of his overcoat.
"No! Ain't more'n two of you t'night; usually shree."

Professor Goner—"Indeed, Miss Sweetie, the lower animals have language. I have heard monkeys entertain each other by narrating pleasant stories."
Jack Hunter—"Yes, and only the other day I heard a snake get off a rattling good thing in the shape of a tail."

Mrs. Brago—"Tell me, professor, will my daughter ever become a great pianist?"
Herr Vogleschnitzle—"I gannot dell."
"But has she none of the qualifications necessary for a good musician?"
"Ach! Yah, matam; she has two handts."



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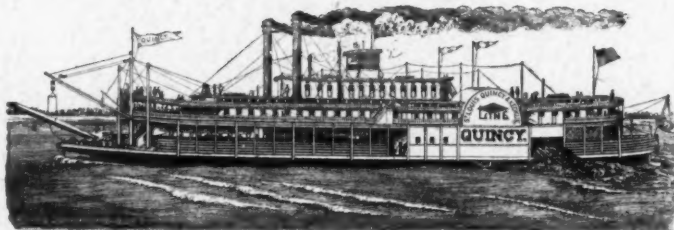
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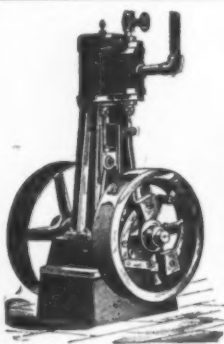
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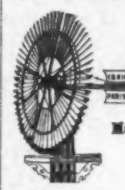
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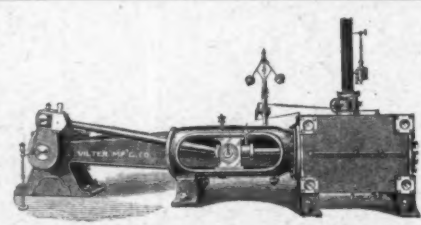
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